

THE AMERICAN GIRL

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

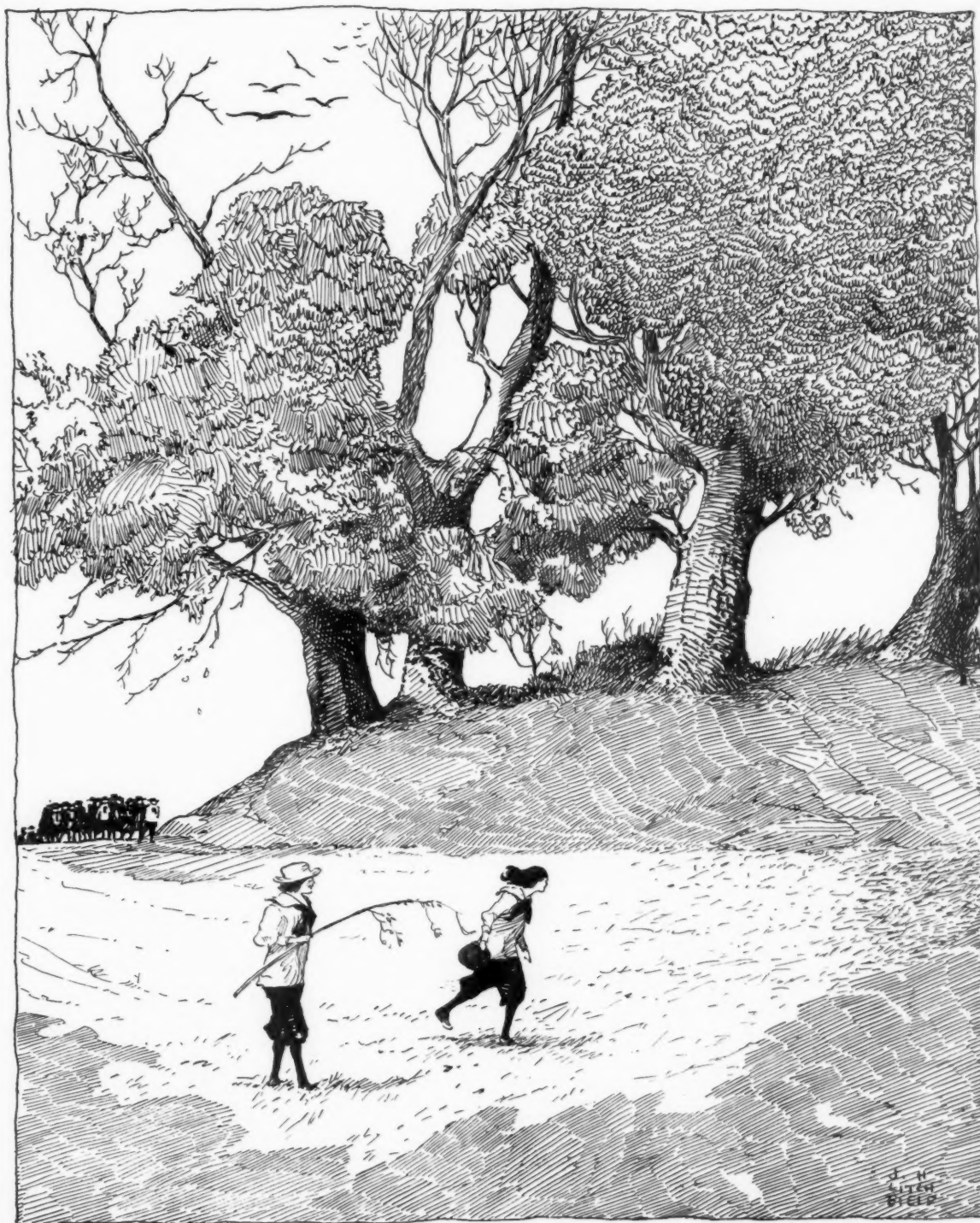
Volume V, No. 12

SEPTEMBER, 1922

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
One Dollar and Half Per Year

2 SECTIONS

SECTION I



THE AMERICAN GIRL

STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

Effective September 1, 1922

NOTICE OF CHANGE IN PRICE

Article	Price
Web Belt, Sizes 28-38	\$.60
Khaki, Heavy, for Officers, 28 Inch Width55
Sun Watch	1.00
Poncho (45 x 72)	3.25
Poncho (60 x 82)	4.50

UNIFORMS

	Size	Price		Size	Price
LONG COAT Rm	10-18	\$3.50	HATS, Officers	7 $\frac{1}{8}$ -8	\$3.50
Ready to Sew	10-18	2.75	CANVAS LEGGINS, Pair		1.00
	38-42	3.25	WEB BELT	28-38	.60
SHORT COAT SUIT	10-18	4.50	Leather for officers	28-38	2.50
Ready made	38-42	5.00	MIDDY—Official khaki	38-42	1.75
Ready to Sew	10-18	3.75	¶ NECKERCHIEFS, each40
	38-42	4.25	Black Silk		2.00
SKIRT (extra) Rm	10-18	2.00	PUTTEES, Women's sizes		3.00
	38-42	2.50	Girl's sizes		2.00
Ready to Sew	10-18	1.50	SWEATER—Slip-over type	32-40	6.50
	38-42	2.00	Coat type	32-40	7.50
BLOOMERS, Rm	10-42	2.25	WATERPROOF CAPES, Girl's..	6-16	7.00
Ready to Sew	10-42	1.50	Junior	15-19	10.50
NORFOLK SUITS—Officers:			WATERPROOF COATS, Girl's..	6-16	6.00
Khaki, light weight	34-42	7.00	Junior	15-19	8.00
Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	19.00	¶Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black, yellow.		
Serge	34-42	35.00			
HATS, Scout	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -8	1.50			

BADGES

ATTENDANCE STARS			* MEDAL OF MERIT	\$1.00
Gold	\$0.20		PROFICIENCY BADGES15
Silver15		SECOND CLASS BADGE15
FIRST CLASS BADGE25		* THANKS BADGE	
FLOWER CRESTS15		Heavy gold plate with bar	3.00
* LIFE SAVING CROSSES			Gold Plate Pins75
Silver	1.75		Silver Plate75
Bronze	1.50			

PINS

ACORN	\$0.25	LAPELS—G. S.—Bronze	\$0.50
BROWNIE25	LIEUTENANT'S50
CAPTAIN'S50	TENDERFOOT PINS	
COMMITTEE75	10K Gold (safety catch)	2.50
* COMMUNITY SERVICE25	Gold Filled (safety catch)75
* GOLDEN EAGLET	1.50	New plain type15
		Old style plain pin08

INSIGNIA

ARMBAND	\$0.15	HAT INSIGNIA (for Captain's hat)	\$0.50
CORPORAL CHEVRON20	LAPELS—G. S., for Scouts20
CUFF LINKS, pair	1.25	PATROL LEADER'S CHEVRON25
EX-PATROL LEADER'S CHEVRON30		

SPECIAL NOTE

These prices are subject to change without notice

* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.



THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE FIELD NEWS SECTION

FOR GIRL SCOUT OFFICERS



2 Sections

SEPTEMBER, 1922

Section 2

RALLIES

Rallies are an important feature in scouting; they form the one opportunity for the getting together of all troops in a community for special demonstrations; and as the fathers, mothers and friends are invited to attend, great care must be taken in the preparation of the program, that the public in general and the friends and sponsors of scouting should not form a wrong impression of our activities.

As we stand so particularly for health, in all its phases, care must be taken in arranging the program, so that the strength of the girls is not put at too much of a test. Remember that a rally is exciting and that waiting, when excitement runs rife, is difficult for children. Name, therefore, an hour for beginning, allow a short time for the preparation of the march in, if that is to be part of the program, or for the formation for the opening exercises, and then begin at that hour, regardless of the lack of attendance of even the principal performers. Lessons in punctuality are well taught by missing something of importance.

The length of the program is a most vital matter. Some children, keyed up to a pitch of excitement, tire very quickly; that kind of fatigue is not healthful, therefore guard against it. Make your program of one hour and a half duration, two hours at the outside, and stop then. If you have miscalculated, as is easily done, leave out something, but stop on time. Sometimes the girls live far from the place where the rally is held; do not make enemies of their families, by causing anxiety about the lateness of their return.

The program itself may be made up of demonstrations only of patrols or troops, by plays or pageants, and if Merit Badges are to be given out, or honors conferred which take up much time, the balance of the program may be games and singing. Military drill should never be stressed at a public rally. If any one troop or patrol wishes to give such a demonstration, it should be of short duration, and given merely

to show that the girls know how to obey orders.

Five minute demonstrations of Merit Badge activities are interesting, and should be left entirely to the patrols to work out, as this is the only way to train the girls' imagination. A good plan is to have the troops or patrols work out in small competitions, different types of stunts, and select the best for the rally. When a city is divided into districts which hold district rallies, it is possible in this way, to get the best stunt for the big rally, and let the patrol demonstrate it. Last spring in Manhattan a certain troop was permitted to show how it built a signal tower in twelve minutes, the outstanding feature of the district rally held the month before. Song competitions, such as took place at the Massachusetts State rally on May 2nd, incite the troops to greater efforts in song writing and singing.

If the giving out of Merit Badges is the feature of the rally, arrange that the troops be seated during this time, and the best plan is to have one scout from each troop or even each patrol, come forward and take the badges won by her group.

Unusual honors, such as the Golden Eaglet, Medal of Merit, or other awards, should, of course, be presented to the girl herself by some official; but class and proficiency badges given singly take too long, if there are more than fifty.

Remember that the onlookers want to know what it is all about, therefore, provide introductory talks for each event. The terms of a contest, and the requirements of the badges or honors conferred should be explained, otherwise much of the value of the rally as a means of educating the public is lost.

When all is said and done, the successful rally is the one that begins on time, ends on time, and lasts not over two hours, and better yet, one hour and a half. Send the audience away edified and the girls happy and interested, not exhausted and cross.

BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY.

The Scout Laws*

By FANNIE MOULTON McLANE

The Laws are a very important part of the scout program. The captain's *handling* of these laws is still more important.

An excellent treatment of this part of scouting is found in *The Scout Law in Practice*, by Arthur A. Carey, published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1917, \$1.20.

While this book was written by a man, about Boy Scout Laws as applied to boys, yet the spirit of scouting is the same with both boys and girls; the laws are almost alike and the book is a helpful one for any scout captain's library. Scouting is the modern knighthood, the modern chivalry. In the ancient days only men could be knights, but now every girl can become one as well. Scouting resembles knighthood and chivalry in many ways. It has its period of trial, its different grades to be worked up through, its initiation ceremony with its solemn promise made in public; it has its code of honor and its obligation of service to others.

Where, in the environment with which you are acquainted, does the girl get a code of morals to fall back on in time of temptation, a code that will touch her personal pride, a code that is *definite* and *specific*? I do not mean big temptations, but little daily temptations to be selfish, to be mean, to deceive? Does she get such a code in her home? Does she get it in her school? Does she get it in the church? How many girls have no opportunity to get it in any church?

Scouting not only gives such a code, in a positive "A Scout is trustworthy" instead of a negative "Thou shalt not. . .", but it throws a romance and a charm about the Laws comparable to the romance and charm which the stories of ancient knighthood and chivalry possess for the girl.

* From Home Study Course. "Scouting for Girls: Tenderfoot Requirements." Columbia University Extension Department.

Handling the Laws: At every meeting there should be at least five minutes devoted to the discussion of the Scout Law. In the beginning it might be well to take up the laws in order, one at a time; perhaps telling at one meeting what law would be discussed at the next, and asking the girls to be thinking over that particular law. After all the laws and the three parts of the promise have once been taken up with the troop, the choice of subject may be varied infinitely. The girls may choose what law they wish to take up. Some matter of troop discipline or management may bring up some one law as a natural subject. Some scout may tell of a good example of keeping the law, that she has recently seen. A question may bring the law in. In these discussions (a) beware of talking too long; (b) beware of being preachy, goody-goody, or dictatorial; (c) let the girls speak rather than you some of the time. They will think of things that you will not!

[The following code of the Knights of the Round Table on note-book paper for insertion in your troop note-book should prove interesting to girls—Ed.]

The Code of the Knights of the Round Table*

(As republished in the time of Henry VIII)

1. They were never to put off their armor, except for the purpose of rest at night.
2. They were to search for adventures wherein to attain "bruyt and renown."
3. To defend the poor and weak.
4. To give help to any one who should ask it in a just quarrel.
5. Not to offend one another.
6. To fight for the defense and welfare of England.
7. To work for honor rather than profit.
8. Never to break a promise for any reason whatever.
9. To sacrifice themselves for the honor of their country.
10. Sooner choose to die honestly than to fly shamefully.

Discussion: Note how much the following answers tell about the girl herself:

Scout 1.—Hardest: To be

cheerful, because sometimes I want to go somewhere and I can't.

Easiest: I can keep clean because you can always do that.

Scout 2.—Hardest: Clean, because I sometimes bite my nails.

Easiest: Cheerful, because I always have a smile. (She does!)

Scout 3.—Hardest: None, because none are very hard to keep.

Easiest: To obey orders, because my mother always taught me to obey and I have.

Scout 4.—They are all the same to keep.

It is most important that the new scout captain realize the importance of the Scout Laws and Promise. They are the handles by which you can influence the girl more than either you or she realizes.

Thrift

Study Handbook, pages 9-10, and Economist Requirements, page 509.

Principles: Thrift is another subject which cannot be taught by precept and talking, but only by doing.

The captain's aim is to *inculcate a habit, to create a clearly defined attitude of mind, toward thrift.*

Thrift should be one of our national virtues; it is, however, one of our greatest national lacks. Teaching thrift is one of the captain's *great opportunities* to serve her country.

Method: Give the girl the attitude of mind that lack of thrift shows *ignorance*. At one time when I was in a jewelry store, a lady came for her watch which she had left to be repaired. She took it, wound it, and to make it go shook it as violently as one would shake a rattle for a baby; then she thumped it heavily on the counter. Everybody in the store gazed at her dumbfounded. The storekeeper expostulated. When she went out the general comment was that she probably never had a watch before. Thus lack of thrift is a sign of ignorance. A person who is accustomed to a watch knows how to take care of it.

The savage is the greatest waster. When he has plenty of food he gorges with it, never thinking of tomorrow. He kills game for the savage pleasure of killing, never thinking of his future food supply. Don't be a savage!

Living conditions in large cities are responsible for much lack of thrift. There is not room to save things up for the future. Everything is thrown away as soon as it is done with. This results in buying cheaper goods, because they do not need to be of a lasting quality. The poorer the family, the smaller the space, and the less chance to be thrifty.

Suggestive Topics: Which save more, the rich or the poor? Discuss the saying of a poor old negro garbage collector, who said, "I kin tell whedder folkses is rich or poor by their garbage can."

We got our pattern for making over stockings (putting new feet on unworn legs) from the richest woman in the town. How many poor families make over their stockings? One child in school, on being told not to wipe her pen on her stocking. "Just think what will happen when your mother comes to wash it!" responded scornfully: "Vash our stockings? We never vash our stockings. Ve throw them away!"

The budget system: What it is? Importance. Can you persuade your scouts to put themselves on a budget basis. (Cooperation of parents is necessary here, since they are the source of supply.)

Value of the cash account: Have each scout keep a cash account. Have each keep a scout account, which shows how much scouting costs her. Has it any assets?

Larger aspects of thrift:

Waste of food: National, table and family waste. Have scouts look for waste of food in their own homes.

Careless destruction: Own property; property of others; public property—park shrubbery, etc.

Waste in school: Care of books. Waste of opportunity at the only time the boy or girl will have the opportunity. What does it cost the city to have a child repeat her grade?

Vocational waste: Every girl should have a way to earn her own livelihood if necessary. Blind-alley jobs.

Qualities needed for success in the world:

A scout's *duty* in thrift may be divided into three aspects:

1. Saving for herself.

a. Saving her money: movies, sodas, ice cream, candy.

* This is reprinted from Sir Robert Baden-Powell, "Scoutmasterhip," page 136.

b. Saving her personal property; care of clothing. "A stitch in time saves nine." Mend little holes before they become big ones.

c. Saving her health: care of eyes, teeth, etc.

d. Saving opportunities: school, libraries, lectures.

e. Saving her future: preparation for the future now, as to (1) vocation; (2) money saved.

f. Saving her time: Does she use it wastefully on silly books and movies?

2. Saving for her family.

a. Saving money: Does the family have much money to spend? Does the scout take more than her share? Does she spend for foolish things she could do without?

b. Saving things which mean money: Does she turn the light down, as a matter of habit, when she leaves a room? Does she take more food than she knows she will eat? etc., etc.

3. Saving for the community.

a. Saving community property and persuading others to save it—streets, sidewalks, parks, etc.

b. Saving cost to the city: water waste; fire waste.

Assignment: Prepare the following discussions as if for your troop:

1. Discuss the saying of the old negro garbage-man quoted. Plan a five-minute talk, using it as a starting-point.

2. Discuss: The rich are more thrifty than the poor.

3. Discuss: Which is true—

The poor girl has no chance to learn thrift, because poverty is caused by thriftlessness; or the poor girl has the best chance to learn thrift because poverty compels thrift.

4. List some other ways a girl scout may save besides those cited above.

5. Why should one be ashamed of being thriftless?

The following is suggested as a model form for requirement 9, Tenderfoot Test:

Mary Jones September 1, 1921
21 Pleasant Street Troop 59
11 years Patrol 2.

Since June 21, 1921, I have saved out of my allowance \$1.00. My allowance is twenty-five cents a week. I saved it by not buying candy every time I went downtown. This is \$1.00 out of a total allowance of \$2.50, or 40 per cent.

This is a true report, on my honor as a scout. MARY JONES.

Since June 21, 1921 I have earned \$2.00. I earned it in the following ways:

I weeded Mrs. Smith's garden (about two hours) \$.25
I earned \$.05 a day by seeing that the hens did not get into the garden. 1.75

Total \$2.00

This is a true report, on my honor as a scout. MARY JONES.

International Girl Guides

Our founder, Mrs. Juliette Low, represented the Girl Scouts of the United States at the meeting of the Girl Guides' International Council, held in Newnham College, Cambridge, England, June 26th to July 1st, 1922.

The full report of the conference will be given later, we hope, by Mrs. Stieren, of Pittsburgh, who was also there. Mrs. Low mentioned the following discussions as of special importance:

1. Lady Baden-Powell was re-elected International Chairman for the next two years. Mrs. Low brought up the question of who would take the chair in another country. If we meet in the U. S., we should expect our president to preside; or in Holland, we should expect the head of the Dutch Girl Guides to preside. No vote was taken, but all agreed that we should thus arrange matters.

2. Taking the Promise of Loyalty to God. The Japanese do not worship any one God, so we voted that if they lived up to the spirit of the ten laws and are loyal to the spiritual part of the promise, whether to Eternal Truth or Their Ancestors, or whatever represents to them the ideal, not the material side of life, it did not matter whether they took our promise as it now stands.

3. Admission of Germans to our next meeting in 1924. We unanimously voted that if the Germans formed Girl Guides on the same lines as our Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, with identical training, and if they applied for admission, we would treat them exactly like all the other nations and admit them.

Girl Scout Camps

As camping is becoming more general with all troops everywhere, it has been considered wise, in order to safeguard our scouts, to make a few general suggestions by which all Girl Scout camps should be governed. At the meeting of the Executive Board on June 15th, it

was recommended that no camp should be known as a Girl Scout camp unless it met with certain required standards covering sanitation, food, health, safe swimming rules, and so forth.

It can readily be seen that a ruling such as this is necessary because as the personnel of the scout organization increases, just so much the margin for accidents increases. Consequently the National organization, through the individual troop, must exert great care in making less possible any harm to any scout. If any accident due to carelessness or neglect happens to a scout in Goldfield, Nevada, it has a definite reaction on scouting in general, and in many cases, by example, deprives other scouts from going to camp and having the benefit of the outdoor program.

We are asking that our captains everywhere observe the following rules as suggested by the recommendation of the Executive Board:

1. Arrangements for sewage, waste, latrines, mess hall, etc., must be approved by the local health officer.

2. The drinking water must be analyzed and a certification given that it is pure by either the health officer or some other person competent to make this analysis and pass judgment.

3. A trained dietician or someone who understands food value must plan the menus.

4. A capable instructor, preferably one who has passed the American Red Cross Life-Saving test, must be present during swimming periods, and the scouts should not be allowed to go in except at regular hours when the above instructor is present.

[Signed] LOU HENRY HOOVER

How Many Scouts?

On July 31st, we had registered 287 chartered councils; 5,534 captains, 3,239 lieutenants; and 689 second lieutenants; 5,722 troops with 115,328 Girl Scouts. This makes a total membership of 124,790, and indicates a per cent increase of 34 in councils, 25 in officers and 14 in scouts, in a twelve-month period.

The Spirit of Girlhood

A pageant with words, written and prepared by Florence Howard, is on sale at the National Headquarters for 50c. Watch for review.

National Education Committee Conference

Dates: Monday September 25th through Saturday, September 30th. Council conference October 1st to 3rd.

Place: Camp Andree Clark, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y. Take train from New York to Pleasantville (\$1.10), then taxi to camp (\$.75).

Fee: September 25th to 30th, six days, \$15.00. Additional days—October 1st to 3rd—\$5.00. Leaders not wishing to remain for the entire period may deduct \$3.00 per day.

Invited: All Scout officers, including members and chartered councils, local directors, field captains, and field workers of all kinds, who are interested in educational and camp questions. It is preferred that outsiders not be invited, as accommodations are limited, and we want entire freedom of discussion.

Subjects: Two days each will be given to Leader's Training, Girl Scout Camps, and Brownies. The three-day conference for council members will be informal.

Will anyone with experience in these please send suggestions and questions for discussion to the Educational Secretary, National Headquarters, by September 10th?

No Tests: There will be no instruction, no tests and no credits or certificates of any kind. There will be Camp Kapers, but no Cooking Kapers.

Equipment: Camp uniform, bloomers, camp hat, camp tie, four pairs of heavy stockings, changes of underwear, rubbers, cup, toilet accessories, raincoat, towels, wash cloths, pair heavy blankets (cold nights make many blankets necessary; camp furnishes two), sheets, pillow cases, sweater or coat, night clothes, high, low-heeled stout shoes, bathing suit and cap, handkerchiefs, Girl Scout Handbook, flash light, camera, poncho, sewing kit, note book and pencil, musical instruments, pocket knife, any hiking equipment.

Camp Uniforms: It is suggested that everyone wear the regulation camp uniform (khaki middie and bloomers) which can be ordered beforehand from Miss Katherine Briggs, 10 Allerton Street, Brookline, Mass., or may be purchased after arrival in camp at a cost of \$7.50 per uniform. Uniforms may also be rented at camp at \$1.00 each per week. Wear simple traveling suit

or Scout uniform to camp. Use duffle bag or suit case for baggage. Trunks are not allowed.

Packages: Express or parcel post packages may be sent addressed care of Camp Andree Clark, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Register: with National Headquarters, stating number of days you expect to be present.

LOUISE STEVENS BRYANT,
Educational Secretary.

Book Shelf

Gentle Julia. Exceptional indeed would have to be the captain of a scout troop who turned the last page of this latest book by Booth Tarkington, without having a better understanding of her girls. The reading of formal books on adolescent psychology, with their lists of "dominant instincts" and "emerging elements" are well enough for one's more studious moments, but for a living example of these things, for an amusing tale, wherein the curiosity, play, experimentation, self-expression, and sociability instincts et al. take human form, we may go to "Gentle Julia."

Although Julia herself does not belong to the age group with which we as scouts are primarily concerned, her little niece Florence does—and Florence, thirteen goin' on fourteen—who broods and thrills, rushes about and does things—praises, blames and quarrels—plays no mean part in the story. The author seems to have that same uncanny understanding of what goes on in the head of the girl as he does in the case of the boy.

Although we may get some valuable insight into girl nature and may more keenly realize in what a very different world "thirteen goin' on fourteen" lives from what parent or teacher or even scout captain often supposes, the book is not at all a serious book in a solemn sense. It makes fine hot weather reading, full of laughter-provoking incidents, and it is worth going through, if only for the joy of getting acquainted with Kitty Silver.

Home Nursing. The American Red Cross has just brought out a new edition of its text. "Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick", written originally by the late Jane A. Delano, R. N., and revised by Anne Hervey Strong, R. N., Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 330 pp.

The contents are as follows: Causes and Prevention of Sickness, Health and the Home, Babies and Their Care, Indications of Sickness, Equipment and Care of the Sick Room, Beds and Bed Making, Baths and Bathing, Appliances and Methods for the Sick Room, Feeding the Sick, Medicines and other Remedies, Application of Heat, Cold and Counter-irritants, Care of Patients with Communicable Diseases, Common Ailments and Emergencies, Special Points in the Care of Children, Convalescents, with Questions for Review.

Each chapter has a reference list for future reading, giving such interesting things as the biographies of Florence Nightingale and Pasteur, and up-to-date popular books on mental health. There are also questions for review and a glossary. The book may be ordered at any Red Cross office.

Cornell Rural School Leaflets. The Scout leader who is looking for up-to-date material on all sorts of outdoor scouting interests, such as flowers, trees, birds, animals, geology and star-gazing, will do well to subscribe to the leaflet which is published monthly by the New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University. Send for an index of past issues. A recent number gives "A Talk on Earth and Its Weather," and shows how climate affects house building, how to make a sun dial tell the seasons and time, what "weather it is," and much about the nature and changes of rocks and soil. Another leaflet is called "Amphibia and Reptiles." It gives a friendly and familiar approach to frog, toad, newt, snake and turtle. Each number takes up all the outdoor things to look for at that particular season, in different parts of the country.

Uniforms Again

Captains are reminded that the Girl Scout uniform, both for girls and officers, includes a skirt. Bloomers may be worn under the uniform, but not without skirts, except at camp. Knickerbockers are not to be worn, except with a long blouse, as at the Training Camps. Parts of the uniform should not be worn separately. Remember, generally, that the public, seeing scouts, either officers or girls, in unconventional costumes, blame the whole organization.

STANDARD PRICE LIST CONTINUED

LITERATURE

	Price		Price
BROWNIE BOOKS	\$0.25	PATROL REGISTER, each	\$0.15
* BLUE BOOK OF RULES25	PATROL SYSTEM FOR GIRL GUIDES25
CAMPWARD HO!75	PLAY (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)15
CAPTAIN'S FIELD NOTEBOOK	1.25	In lots of 10 or more10
COOK BOOK75	POST CARDS—	
FIRST AID BOOK50	Set of six10
General Edition50	1 doz. sets	1.00
Woman's Edition25	Single cards02
GIRL GUIDE BOOK OF GAMES50	POSTERS—Girl Scout25
HEALTH RECORD BOOKS, each.....	.10	Set of seven illustrating Scout Activities	6.85
Per dozen	1.00	SIGNAL CHARTS15
HANDBOOK, CLOTH BOARD COVER	1.00	Lots of 10 or more10
Flexible Cloth Cover75	SCOUT MASTERSHIP	1.50
* INTRODUCTORY TRAINING		TROOP REGISTER	2.00
COURSE15	Additional Sheets	
MEASUREMENT CARDS05	Individual Record03
A GIRL SCOUT PAGEANT50	Attendance Record03
* Punched for Field Notebook.		Cash Record03

SONGS

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL	\$0.05	GIRL SCOUT SONG SHEET	\$0.04
ENROLLMENT10	Lots of 10 or more03
EVERYBODY OUGHT TO BE A		GOODNIGHT15
SCOUT15	OH, BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY05
FIRST NATIONAL TRAINING		ON THE TRAIL:	
SCHOOL25	Complete song edition60
GIRL GUIDE60	Midget Size05
GIRL SCOUT SONGS		Lots of 10 or more02
Vocal Booklet10	ONWARD10
Piano Edition30	TO AMERICA25

MISCELLANEOUS EQUIPMENT

AXE, with sheath	\$1.50	PATTERNS—Coat, Skirt	
BLANKET	4.50	or Bloomers, 10-42	\$0.15
BUGLE	3.50	Norfolk Suit, 34-4225
BRAID— $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. wide, yd.10	PONCHO (45x72)	3.25
BUTTONS—Per set25	" (60x82)	4.50
10s—6 1 to set—doz. sets	2.75	RINGS, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
CANTEEN, Aluminum	2.75	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
Tin	1.50	ROPE, 4 ft. by $\frac{1}{4}$ in.15
COMPASS, Plain	1.00	Lots of 5 or more, each10
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt50
FIRST AID KIT WITH POUCH	1.25	SERGE. O. D., 54 in. wide, per yd.	4.50
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra50	SEWING KIT, Tin Case25
FIRST AID KIT, No. 1.....	2.80	Aluminum Case50
FLASHLIGHT	1.35	SCOUT STATIONERY50
Battery extra40	STOCKINGS, wool sizes 8-11	2.00
HANDKERCHIEFS		Cotton, sizes 8-1150
With Girl Scout emblem:		SUN WATCH	1.00
Linen40	THREAD, Khaki spool15
Cotton25	Per doz. spools	1.20
HAVERSACKS, No. 1	2.75	WHISTLES20
No. 2	1.50	WRIST WATCH	
KHAKI, Official Scout, 36 in. wide35	Ingersoll—Plain	3.25
Heavy for Officers, 28 in. wide55	Ingersoll—Radiolite	4.00
KNIVES, No. 1	1.50		
No. 2	1.00		
MESS KITS, No. 1 Alum. 6 pcs.....	3.50		
No. 1, Tin	2.50		
No. 2, Tin	1.75		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items enumerated in No. 3.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUT NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Published Monthly by

National Headquarters Girl Scouts

Incorporated

189 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Price, 15c a copy; \$1.50 per year. Canadian postage, 25c; foreign, 50c additional.

Entered as second-class matter, August 11, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized Nov. 17, 1921.



NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

Honorary President, MRS. WARREN G. HARDING
Honorary Vice-President, MRS. WOODROW WILSON
Founder MRS. JULIETTE LOW

OFFICERS

Mrs. Herbert Hoover	President
Mrs. James J. Storrow	First Vice-President
Mrs. Arthur O. Choate	Second Vice-President
Mrs. Julius Rosenwald	Third Vice-President
Mrs. William S. Sims	Fourth Vice-President
Mrs. E. M. Swift	Fifth Vice-President
Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady	Treasurer
Mrs. V. Everit Macy	Chairman Executive Board
Mrs. Jane Deeter Kippin	Director
Counsel, Mr. Douglas Campbell	

EXECUTIVE BOARD

Miss Sarah Louise Arnold	Miss E. Gwen Martin
Mrs. Leo Arnstein	Mrs. Wm. G. McAdoo
Mrs. Seldon Bacon	Mrs. Robert G. Meade
Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady	Miss L. Jewell Parsons
Mrs. Fred'k H. Brooke	Mrs. Harold I. Pratt
Mrs. Francis K. Carey	Mrs. Theodore H. Price
Mr. Francis P. Dodge	Mrs. W. N. Rothschild
Mrs. Frederick Edey	Mrs. A. Clifford Shinkle
Mrs. Arthur W. Hartt	Mrs. Charles Welch
Mrs. V. Everit Macy	Mrs. Percy H. Williams

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON
Consulting EditorEDITH CURTIS HIXON
EditorBIRDBALL OTIS EDEY
LOUISE STEVENS BRYANT
Editors, Field News Section

Vol. V SEPTEMBER, 1922 No. 12

COMING!

Girl Scout Week, October 21-28

During October, a week has been set aside for special Girl Scout demonstrations, in order that everyone may know just what Scouting means when applied to girls. It is a most unusual opportunity for Girl Scouts to make strong friends of the public.

Local Councils are already making special arrangements for Girl Scout Week. For example, plans are under way in New York City for a Service Day Parade to open the week. Girl Scouts will probably carry flowers, fruit and delicacies to the children in the hospitals as they did last year. Rallies and other exhibitions of Girl Scout work will be shown to the public.

During this time, every faithful Girl Scout will want to earn money for the extension of Scouting. She will be only too glad to help other girls to become scouts. In towns where there is no Council, money may be sent by the Captain directly to Headquarters.

We are printing below the budget as estimated for 1923, in order that you may all read it. It is our desire, as it must be yours, to put the organization on a sound business basis, and we believe that this budget will effectually do so.

If you have any questions to ask about these figures, the Treasurer will be glad to answer them from the New York office.

Total estimated Budget for 1923 \$196,938

Plan for meeting budget:

The National Finance Committee hopes to receive an income from registration fees, Council dues, and the Shop for 1923 . \$ 75,000

The National Executive Board has pledged themselves to raise more than 50,000

A gift has been pledged by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial towards the administrative expense of 12,500

The National Finance Committee has worked hard and long so that it might ask Local Councils to contribute the least possible sum of money which has finally been set at 59,165

Let us all work together to make the Girl Scouts the largest organization for girls in the world.

Better Homes Week

ONCE upon a time—when our country was still looked on by the aged European nations as a mere baby—a very wise man, with very sharp eyes (and an even sharper pen) came all the way across the Atlantic to look at us. He made a tour of America. Then he went back and wrote a book about us.

The things that the distinguished visitor said about us were not what might be called complimentary. Somehow, things over here didn't appeal very strongly to him. One of the things he didn't like was our "architecture". He said our houses were, for the most part, bad—very bad! And, no doubt, he was cor-

rect. Fifty years ago American homes were not remarkable for either their comfort or their beauty.

That man was Charles Dickens, the writer who gave us "David Copperfield", and "Oliver Twist" and ever so many other friends that we love!

Today conditions are different. We are the richest nation in the world; and we are no longer regarded as a baby land. But our homes, still, are far from perfect.

It is because they want to improve the homes of the nation that a number of famous men—Vice-President Coolidge, Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and others—have started the "Better Homes in America" movement.

All over the country—from Maine to California—committees are now being formed to lead the great movement. For weeks these committees will be busy; and, then, during the week of October 9th-14th ("Better Homes Week") they will open model homes in more than 3,000 cities and towns, located in every State in the Union.

During that week everyone should learn a great deal about furnishing, decorating and running a modern home—the kind of home that we all love.

Is there going to be a "Better Homes Week" in your town? If there is you may be able to help, for both the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts are going to be called on for aid during the exhibit.

Table of Contents

September, 1922

	PAGE
Captain Sylvia—By Marion Ames Taggart— <i>Illustrated by Joseph Franke</i>	5
Rebecca of Enchanting Beauty—By Myrtle Humphreys— <i>Illustrated by Marjorie Flack</i>	9
The Hammon Twins—By Willis K. Jones— <i>Illustrated by Thelma Gooch</i>	12
The Lost Slipper—By Estella Barnum Shelley— <i>Illustrated by William Schnelle</i>	15
Scoutlets—The Heavenly Party—By Oleda Schrottky	17
The Practical Scout	18
Scout Ripples—By Commodore W. E. Longfellow	19
Scribes' Corner	20
Our Party Page	22
Scouting News From Abroad	23
More Scout News for You	24
Movie Column	25
Money Making Column	26
Progress of the Certificate Appeal	27
Scout Wit	28



THE STORY SO FAR

Ruth and Lloyd Hapgood are spending the summer at the seashore when they meet Sylvia Bell, known in the town as Captain Sylvia. Sylvia has as her closest chum, her dog, Charles O'Malley. She lives with her father and a housekeeper in the village the year 'round. Her father is so wrapped up in research work that he has very little time to give to his daughter—so that except for her dog, she has had very little companionship. The first time she takes the Hapgoods sailing they have quite a funny experience and that is where this installment begins.

PART II

CHAPTER 14

A Voyage of Discovery

WANT to go right down to the light?" asked Sylvia after *The Walloping Window Blind* had got thoroughly under way, and they were sailing out of the bay on long tacks in the face of the brisk wind.

"I'd like to see the lighthouse," said Lloyd. "Can you get into the lantern?"

"Oh, yes; the keeper is always willing to show it off. Lots of people go there when the hotels farther along the shore are full. I know him; I go there to fish; you get perch off those rocks," said Sylvia.

"Sylvia seems a dreadfully proper sort of name for you," said Ruth unexpectedly. "When we went to

ask you to tea that day, and your housekeeper called you 'Miss Sylvia,' I thought you were dressed in stiff silk, and wore your hair tight back, and had a backbone that wouldn't bend no matter what happened."

"I was named for a grandmother," Sylvia said. "I used to hate the name but now I am getting used to it. There's one thing: I like outdoor things so much, that, if you forget about the old-fashioned side of it, and just remember that it's a woody name, it isn't so bad."

"That's so!" cried Lloyd, cheering up at a chance to say something brilliant. "'Pennsylvania' means Penn's woods! 'Sylvania', same's your name, isn't it?"

"Pretty much," said Sylvia. "I'm glad it isn't quite the same! 'Sylvia Bell' sounds like a brook to me, something tinkling in the woods."

"Oh, my! Tinker Bell! That's you!" cried Lloyd. "I saw Peter Pan once. Don't you remember that fairy that followed around after Peter? Tinker Bell, she was. The one that did things. You do things, and you're—you're—I don't know just what, different, you know. I'm going to call you Tinker? Care? It's a great old nickname for you. Like it? Tinker; hallo, Tink! Tink! Say, that's good!"

Sylvia looked uncertain for a moment whether to resent or applaud Lloyd's discovery. Then she shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"I don't know whether that's any better than Sylvia or not; but it's enough different, if that's all!

Doesn't sound stiff, that's one sure thing! I don't care, if you like it. Do you like it, Ruth? Seems to me you haven't talked much, and you look pale. Nothing wrong, is there?" Sylvia asked, bending forward.

"I feel quite queer," said Ruth slowly; "quite queer. I think I like Tink for a sort of pet name, but I can't seem to tell. I feel funny. Does your boat always go up and down this way, Sylvia?"

"Mercy me, is that it?" cried Sylvia alarmed. "I never would have thought of that! I never was seasick in my life, but then I don't remember when I first went on the water. I was born web-footed, I think, like all other little geese! Lloyd, you don't mind it, do you?"

"Well, no," said Lloyd, hesitatingly. "Not mind it but it does go up-and-down. I'd just as lief it wouldn't dip down and come up this way; it's more like a rocking horse than I need."

"Well, mercy me!" sighed Sylvia again. "Did I ever think of upsetting you! It is quite choppy; it will be smooth coming up. I'll tell you, maybe you're hungry. Sailing makes anybody ravenous and when you're ravenous you may feel as if you were sort of sick."

"I've been very hungry at home, lots of times and it never made me seasick," said Ruth plaintively.

"Well, of course it didn't, not on land," said Sylvia. "But I mean it makes some people feel sick to be out when it's so rough and when they're hungry. I put a lot of stuff

in my hold, there, this morning, in case we wanted to land and eat a picnic lunch. I've got plenty to eat, all sorts of things," repeated Sylvia, not knowing from experience how her statement would sound to a victim of the sea. Ruth shuddered violently and Lloyd made a repellant motion with one hand.

"It will set you right up," declared Sylvia. "I know it will. I'll run *The Walloping*—I call her *The Walloping* for short; her whole name's too long; isn't that a touching name for her? I'll run into a cove over on that nearest island, and tie up to the dock there. Then we'll get out and eat a good meal on the grass. And then we'll start home; we won't try the light to-day."

"If I climbed up into that light-house you'd have to bury me at sea," Ruth said, with miserable conviction. "A high place would settle me."

"All right, honey; you shall have the lowest place I can find," laughed Sylvia.

"And I do *not* want one mouthful to eat," continued Ruth.

"No, I don't either, Tinker Bell," said Lloyd. "I'm not seasick, you know, but it makes me a little, just a very little dizzy. So I'd rather not eat; thank you."

Lloyd tried vainly to repress a shudder that the idea of food called forth and glanced hastily at Sylvia to see if she had noticed it.

IT was safe to assume that Sylvia noticed most things; her eyes, her ears and her brain were remarkably quick.

"No, you're not in the least upset, Lloyd; only dizzy!" she laughed. "But I'm sure you'll be all right after you have lunch."

Sylvia ran her boat into the wharf, which had been built on the neighboring island for picnickers to land. She did this with such skill that it was a pity that neither of her guests paid any attention to her feat.

O'Malley watched her skill admiringly, but then he had often seen her perform this sort of feat. Lloyd and Ruth watched her dully, not interested in it.

Sylvia made her craft fast; hung out her fenders, so that the bumping would not scratch her paint, and turned cheerily to her crew.

"Come on; I'll help you. Brace up, Ruthie! Lloyd, you're all right if you make up your mind to it. Lend a hand getting out the stuff in the hold, can you?"

Lloyd made an effort while Ruth, having been helped to the wharf, sat

down on a bench that ran along its side, farther up, and dropped her aching head on her arms folded along the back of the bench.

SYLVIA did almost all the work of exhuming her generous store of provisions. She brought out crackers, a cake, olives, cucumber pickles, sandwiches, a jar of peanut butter a box of assorted chocolates, and a thermos bottle of cold milk.

"Now," said this well-meaning, but not wholly wise prescriber of relief measures, "I'm going to make you eat all this unless there's something here one of you doesn't like. And after that you'll be ready to dance a sailor's hornpipe on a nickel."

Ruth smiled wanly; she had obeyed Sylvia's urgent summons to arouse and join the other two. They were going to spread their banquet on the grass which ran down to the shore of this pretty wooded island, because there was so much to eat that a more distant site would not have been practical.

Lloyd suddenly felt that Sylvia was right and that food would revive him. He urged Ruth to make an effort, to begin to eat.

"Just start in," Lloyd said as well as he could with a cracker, thickly spread with peanut butter, parting mid-way as he bit it, "then you'll feel morish; that's the way it is with me."

Ruth followed his advice much against her own judgment. Sylvia and O'Malley ate enthusiastically; there was no mistake about their appetite, nor their perfect ability to cope with it.

"It seems to me that peanut butter isn't good for me," said Ruth, refusing Lloyd's offer to spread a cracker for her. "Seems to me salt crackers, lots of salt, are better. Oh, dear, won't you talk about something, Sylvia? I don't want to remember food; it's bad enough to eat it."

"It isn't easy to talk to order," said Sylvia. She looked anxiously at Ruth. It seemed to her that Ruth was not getting merely pale, but green-tinted. "I certainly hope it was right to make her eat!" she thought.

Lloyd was by no means a good color. Sylvia's heart sank as she thought of being alone on this island, with two sick companions and no one but herself to look after them, nor to sail them home.

"Talk about Robinson Crusoe!"

thought Sylvia. "I never heard that man Friday was sick on his island!"

Poor Sylvia had not the least idea how to deal with the situation. She felt guilty to be doing nothing for Ruth and Lloyd, but what to do she had not the most remote knowledge.

She crept after the sufferers and softly called: "Ruth! Ruth! Lloyd! Want something? Want me to get you water, or—or— Oh, yes! Milk out of the thermos, all cold?"

The groan that this offer elicited, frightened Sylvia away from so much as trying to frame another. She returned to her post on the wharf and waited.

After a while she went back again. Lloyd lay curled up, sleeping, his head upon his arm. Ruth had withdrawn completely from Lloyd's neighborhood. She lay upon her side revealing such a drawn and ghastly profile that Sylvia was more frightened than ever.

"Oh, Ruth, you poor dear, do you feel so bad?" cried Sylvia, kneeling beside her.

"I'm dying," said Ruth faintly, but with entire conviction. "Will you send my pinkie ring—to—to my best friend? Mamma will know; Dot always loved it."

Tears crept out under Ruth's eyelids. It seemed to her most piteous that she, so young, so beloved, her mother's one daughter, should be dying, cast away on an island, with only an unknown girl to hear her last words and to receive her farewell messages.

"Mercy! You're not dying!" Sylvia almost laughed. "I've heard they always think they are, want to, what's more!"

"I don't want to," moaned Ruth, "but I'm willing to. It doesn't matter, I'd like to leave you something to remember me by. I like you a great deal, for such a short time. If only there was a telephone on this island, so you could let Aunt Helen know!"

THERE isn't," said Sylvia, decidedly. "See here, Ruth you've got to pull together. I must sail you home and I don't want to be out after dark. There's a good breeze, but you never can tell what may happen—allow time, that's my motto; time for a calm, or anything. Try to get up; I'll help you. Then come on down to the boat. I'll fix up a bed for you on the floor, and you'll be all right. You see we've got to start home, there're no two ways about it, so brace up, and be a hero!"

"Get into that boat and sail home,

sail!" cried Ruth with unexpected animation. "Never! I'll stay here all night and be eaten by wolves first!"

"You'd be eaten by mosquitoes, probably, but never by a wolf," laughed Sylvia. "Please try to get up, Ruth, I'm sorry as I can be, but I don't dare hang around here longer."

Ruth made a feeble effort to rise and sank back with a groan.

Sylvia wrung her hands despairingly, but at that instant Lloyd came slowly toward them.

"Gracious! You look like Tennyson's poem! 'Home they brought her warrior dead'," cried Sylvia, divided between a desire to laugh and to cry nervously. "And my little old *Walloping Window Blind* will look like Elaine's barge, the one she floated down the river on, after she was dead, when I get you two lying down in her, one on each side of the centreboard! Do you feel the way you look, Lloyd?"

"If I look as bad as I feel, I do," returned Lloyd who was beginning to recover.

"See here, Lloyd, I'm trying to get Ruth to let me take you home.

It's time we were off. Help her up, won't you?" begged Sylvia.

"I'll make a stagger at it—stagger's the word, when you think of it!" Lloyd grinned. "Come on, Ruth; we've got to play up."

Sylvia and Lloyd dragged limp Ruth to her feet, groaning and gasping, and looking so exhausted that in her heart Sylvia was thoroughly frightened.

By slow stages and tremendous effort they got the girl down to the wharf.

Talking fast, Sylvia shook out the coats which she had crammed into

the hold, took down the cushions which fitted the seats running around the cockpit, and laid them on the floor with their edges touching.

"They don't fit very well but it's the only mattress there is," said Sylvia apologetically. "Ruth's shivering; you'll have to have the coats over you."

"See here, Tink, I'm not going to lie down!" Lloyd announced, with sudden energy. "There aren't too

was won to a pale smile over which Sylvia openly triumphed

Sylvia hoisted sail, untied her scientific knot that held her boat to the bollard on the wharf, pushed off with her boat hook, leaped from the deck into the standing room, skillfully avoiding Ruth, and seized her tiller, swung the boat around, pushed out her sail by the end of the boom, so that it would catch the wind, seated herself at the helm, with a

long sigh played out the sheet to its full length, and settled down for a steady run home, free of the wind.

"You're a wonder, Tink!" said Lloyd. "You beat me; I couldn't do that."

Sylvia gave him a merry smile and a kindly nod.

"You're a land insect! I'm a shrimp. No reason why you should know sea things on land. You'd beat me out in your line; that's the way things are," she said.

"I wonder!" said Lloyd, and relapsed into silence.

The west was a blaze of glory

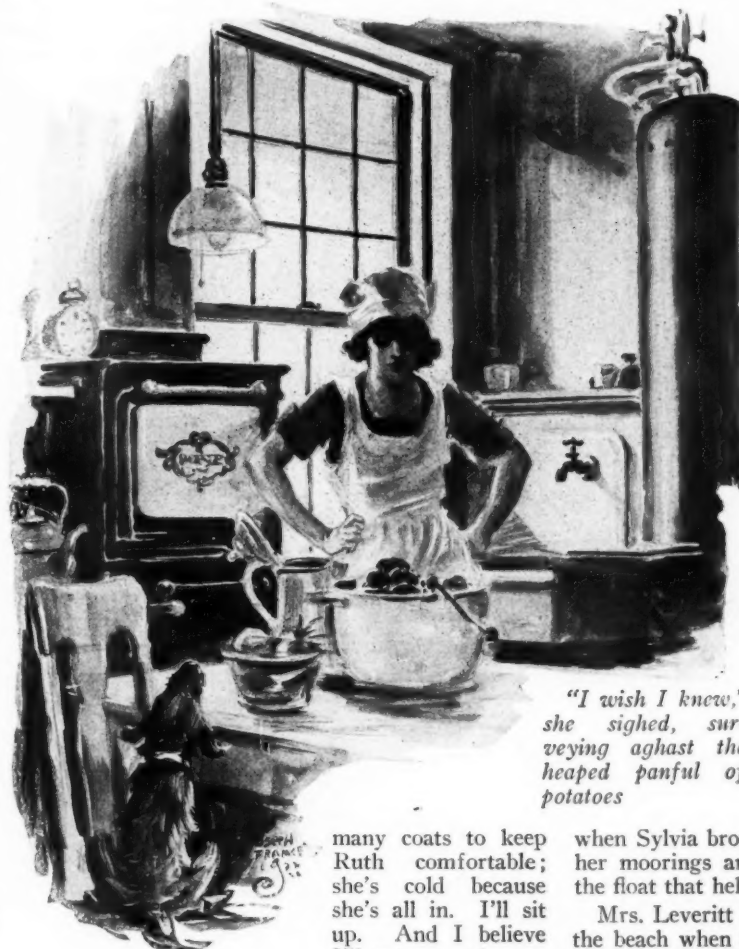
when Sylvia brought her boat up to her moorings and skillfully caught the float that held her rowboat

Mrs. Leveritt was on the edge of the beach when Sylvia's tender ran up on it. "Oh, my dears, I had no idea you would be gone so long; I've been rather frightened!" she cried, looking curiously at Sylvia. Her nephew and niece had aroused her interest in this girl.

"Dreadfully sorry," Sylvia said, meeting Mrs. Leveritt's keen, kind eyes frankly. "We stayed so long because we had such a horrid time, Mrs. Leveritt. We're just like Perry, the other way about: We met the enemy and we were his."

"What do you mean, child?" laughed Mrs. Leveritt.

"I'll never tell!" said Sylvia, with a twinkle, as she made fast her ten-



"I wish I knew," she sighed, surveying aghast the heaped painful of potatoes

many coats to keep Ruth comfortable; she's cold because she's all in. I'll sit up. And I believe I'll eat a cracker or

two; I kind of feel peckish."

"Oh, thank goodness, for a sign of life!" ejaculated Sylvia fervently, "All right, Lloyd; you're a man after my own heart to try to be chipper when you're not. And Tink sounds jolly; I like my new nickname. Let's get Ruth down. Steady, mate!"

Sylvia put up her hands and took hold of Ruth's shoulders while Lloyd lifted her bodily from the wharf, down into the boat. Sylvia tucked Ruth under the coats and made her as comfortable as she could, talking nonsense so infectiously that Ruth

der. "People are usually ashamed of it, I think. But Gabriel Gaby told me he had a fearful time getting seasoned, when he first shipped; didn't you, Gaby? I'll take you sailing again—in a calm! Good-bye, Ruth; good-bye, Lloyd!"

The voyage in which several things had been discovered with safety ended.

CHAPTER V.

The Ex-House

SYLVIA came running downstairs, leaning her weight over the handrail of the banisters. Thus she got much of the pleasure of sliding down the rail, without the impropriety of doing so, which would have been likely to outrage Cassandra Billings if done by "such a great girl as Miss Sylvia."

Cassandra met Sylvia as she descended.

"What are you goin' to do this morning, Miss Sylvia?" she asked in a tone that implied whatever it was, it would better not be done.

"Tramp," Sylvia briefly replied. "Why?"

"I wish I could get you to let me show you something about house-work," said Cassandra mournfully. "You don't know about it any more'n your dog does. I tremble to think what'd become of you if you were left to yourself to get a meal, or clear it away, and I'll tell you the truth, Miss Sylvia, there's danger you may have to do it. Susie isn't half fit to be on her feet this mornin', and I'll be surprised if the other half isn't taken away from her by night; she's sick. And I'll have to go to my sister-in-law, if she's any worse, as it's likely she will be. So by mornin' there's a good chance of your bein' alone in this house to do for your father and yourself the best you can. I've asked around, and there isn't one person to get to come in for a day, not now. It's dreadful to think you've been allowed to grow up ignorant of womanly duties, but, though I've done my best, I can't seem to catch you to put sense into your head. You slip right through my fingers. Why can't you let me show you how to do something this mornin'?"

Sylvia sat down on the lower stair to give up her mind to wheedling.

"I feel it in my bones that I'm going to be slippery again, Cass dear," she said. "There's something calling me to go for a long walk, an *exploring* long walk, where I've never been before."

Sylvia broke off to sing with the highest sentimental effect several bars of "I Hear You Calling Me." Then she resumed:

"Let's be reasonable; there's nothing worse than to be unreasonable, Cassandra! You couldn't teach me the whole duty of woman in one morning. I'd be sure to muddle things if I tried to cram for tomorrow. Maybe I'd do perfectly awful things, because I'd just learned to do so many! Suppose I peeled a beef-steak, and broiled a potato with its skin on, whole, round, you know!" Sylvia chuckled.

"You talk nonsense, Miss Sylvia, clear nonsense," said Cassandra, with a sort of resigned despair. "You certainly would expect a girl of your age always readin' books, to have more sense! Who ever heard of a person not bein' trained to do the work in the world cut out for 'em? Would you let anyone who'd never been in a boat sail yours for you? Would you expect your father to build a house, or an automobile without learnin' carpenter work, or a machinist's trade? It's dreadful to grow up and not know how to run your own house."

Sylvia caught the gaunt woman around the waist and spun her around in a rapid two-step several times before Cassandra could free herself.

"You poor conscientious Cassandra!" she cried. "*Ain't* it awful! But I'm not without hope of being somebody, some time. I'll go into training by and by, truly! Winter's the best time—unless there's good coasting and skating!"

In five minutes after she had left the dining-room Cassandra saw Sylvia racing madly toward the dunes, bareheaded, O'Malley leaping and bounding up to her, girl and dog rejoicing in the clear, bright morning air and in each other's companionship. Cassandra sighed, but she also smiled. She dearly loved Sylvia and the girl was a glad sight as she ran, irresponsible as a gull, happy and beautiful, in the golden morning sunshine.

ALTHOUGH her entire fifteen years of life had been spent in this spot, there was a woodsy, unkempt place considerably up the shore which she had never investigated, and thither she was bound this morning.

Sylvia shoved her way into a thicket which grew higher than her head. She sacrificed her hands and arms to her exploring spirit, emerging from successive contests with

the thick wild growth, scratched and bleeding, but working toward victory.

O'Malley followed without allowing himself to criticise this singular choice of direction for a pleasure walk. His queen could do no wrong, but O'Malley was conscious that, left to himself, he would certainly not have chosen this place for an excursion. Further than that his loyalty would not allow his condemnation of the ravine to go, but he had to repress a temptation to whine when he repeatedly caught his rough coat on wicked thorns.

Sylvia disentangled him each time, doing her best not to pull his hair.

"Pretty awful, isn't it, old man?" she said sympathetically. "But we have to see it through. I've an idea there's something interesting here. There's one thing to comfort you, Charles O'Malley; your clothes will come out of it fit to wear, but I doubt I'll ever be able to put on this dress again, and I like it best of anything I have to wear hiking."

Sylvia and O'Malley fought their way further. Suddenly Sylvia stopped short, with a sharp little cry which sent O'Malley recklessly nosing ahead for a few feet to discover what threatened his mistress.

HE found nothing, and returned with a reproachful question in his eyes.

"No, there isn't anything there, not the sort of thing you meant, Charles dear," Sylvia said, patting him hard. "Nothing dangerous. That isn't why I cried out. But, look down there, to the left! Isn't that a house? Course it is or was; it's an ex-house I'm after thinking! You see, O'Malley, I'm speaking Irish to you to cheer you up. You're such a darling to come all the way, even though you are pulled to pieces! Never, in all my life have I heard of a house being here! We've got to investigate it, my broth of a boy! Come on."

Sylvia went on, whistling, perhaps to keep up her courage.

The house ahead of her had never been painted; it was black from years of weather-beating. It was but a story and a half high, a small square building, with sharp gables, which afforded two rooms in the upper story.

She went into the house and investigated it throughout; downstairs in every cupboard and corner; upstairs as thoroughly. She found nothing but dust and webs; the house was barren of everything.

(Continued on page 27)

REBECCA, OF ENCHANTING BEAUTY

By Myrtle Humphreys

Illustrated by Marjorie Flack

REBECCA trudged down the street trundling an old baby perambulator before her. In the perambulator was a hamper of freshly-laundried clothes, and in the heart of Rebecca, there lurked a great bitterness.

"It's bad enough to have no father nor mother nor anything," she thought, "but *why* did I have to be born red-headed, too?"

Dreadfully she reviewed her life. There was not much of it to review — only fourteen years — but it seemed as if an unusual amount of heartache had been crowded into that short period. There was a dim recollection of a refined mother — a woman whose low-toned voice was interwoven with *Little Boy Blue*, *Abide With Me*, and *Lead, Kindly Light*. Then everything faded excepting the voice and the songs. Somehow they always remained, and even yet, Rebecca could sing every note of them.

Then came the orphanage where she had remained for a number of years; and after that she was "let out" to Mrs. Binks who was a laundress and who kept Rebecca on condition that she carry the clothes back and forth and make herself generally useful. Mrs. Binks believed in finery for herself but not for Rebecca. "You wouldn't look like anything even if you *had* good clothes", she always said with brutal frankness. "You've got red hair." In the neighborhood where Rebecca lived, red hair was regarded as a badge of ignominy. The Italian ragpicker hissed "Judas!" when he saw her, and the telephone linemen jocularly warned her to stand farther away from their truck as they feared she would ignite the gasoline. Even the Hogan baby thrust its tiny head through the window and pertly shouted "Wed-head! Wed-head," when Rebecca passed by.

But the climax had come that day. In the school playground, one of the girls had been reading from a book which contained the meaning of names. Quite a crowd had collected as each girl eagerly sought the interpretation of her name. Rebecca as usual stood in the background. She was quite as interested as the rest, but unwilling to

risk the snub which she felt would be forthcoming if she ventured to ask the meaning of her own name. Finally, however, interest in the game began to wane, and then one of the girls caught sight of Rebecca.

"Look up Rebecca," she called to the owner of the book. "Let's see what her name means."

The leader turned over the pages and then distinctly: *Rebecca — of enchanting beauty!*

A moment of silence was followed by a titter of derision. Even the well-bred girls with difficulty restrained a smile, but poor little sensitive Rebecca was only too quick to

All her life she had longed for pretty clothes and lovely colored hair ribbons such as the other girls wore — when suddenly they came to her. Read this story and see what happened to poor little Red Head!

read expression. She turned and stalked away without a word. One little girl looked after her uneasily.

"I don't care, it's a shame!" she stormed. "A girl who would make fun of her is a pretty cheap scout."

Rebecca dreadfully thought it all over as she pushed the old baby carriage. She had turned into a better street now, and she paused before a shop window and regarded herself in the mirrors within. Not much to look at, perhaps. Rebecca saw only a thin, neglected child in coarse shoes and faded calico frock. A less inexperienced person than herself would have noticed that the wistful eyes were large and brown, and that the heavy dark lashes and brows made them beautiful. Fortunately, too, her teeth were white and shining, for the public school had taught her that. Neither had she noticed that the hated red hair had been gradually darkening during the past few years until now it was a rich auburn. Mrs. Binks considered caring for the hair a very unimportant part of one's toilet; consequently Rebecca's shampoos had been infrequent, and her rich quantity of hair was braided so tightly that the pigtailed fairly bristled, and were tied at the ends with

bits of cord. She thought of the girls at school with their dainty frocks, their gay ribbons, and their dark or flaxen locks. *Rebecca — of enchanting beauty!* Then with lagging feet, she passed down the street.

The sun was setting when she reached home and handed Mrs. Binks the money she had collected.

"Sit right down and have your supper, Rebecca. I blowed to a chocolate cake tonight seein' —" Here Mrs. Binks hesitated, coughed and simpered. "Take the biggest piece, Rebecca." (Mrs. Binks, to do her justice, was not avaricious.) She grew communicative presently, and finally informed Rebecca that she was soon to marry again.

"It's Simpkins, the ash man," she said. "I bought my clothes to-day, Rebecca, and they're just elegant." She went into her bedroom and returned with a vivid green gown thrown over her arm.

There was also a most horrible nightmare of a hat, heavily overburdened with cerise roses. "I did want to be married in this big Episcopal church over on the avenue. It would have been so fashionable, but the minister says he won't marry us unless we'll be baptized and have our banns called, and Simpkins says we can't wait long enough for that. I'm sorry. 'Twould have been real elegant to be married by a minister wearing one o' them black dresses with a white lace one over it. That's what they wear. I peeked in at the church door at a wedding once and seen 'em. But Simpkins says that a man wearin' a dress makes him mad, and he'd rather be married by a minister that wears pants. So we'll just have to have the weddin' here I spose, and have any minister we happen to catch. Jim Casey says he'll come and sing *O, Promise Me*. Mebbe he will if he ain't too drunk. There's only one thing I'm sorry about," hesitatingly; "and that is that I'll have to send you back to the orphanage. I hate to do it, because you've been pretty good, Rebecca, even if you *have* got red hair, but Simpkins says he don't want other people's children around."

The ash man came in directly afterward, and glowered at Rebecca

until she arose and stole softly away. Aimlessly she wandered into the attic room, which served as her bedroom. It was quite cheerful now, being sufficiently high to afford a view of the sky; and even its dingy rafters were transformed in the light of the setting sun. From the dormer window, she could see the tower of the Church of the Holy Saviour—the church of which Mrs. Binks had spoken. Nearby, the elevated train rushed by with a roar, and then there was an interval of comparative silence. After all, Mrs. Binks had tried to be kind, and Rebecca felt she would be sorry to go. She supposed she would be “let out” from the orphanage again, but to whom? And where? She had long since learned to bear her pain in silence, but now she slid to the floor and buried her

face in the counterpane. Chimes in the nearby tower began to ring. A few preliminary strokes were sounded, and then over her head pealed the old melody:

“Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord with me abide:
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.”

The setting sun lingered for a moment upon the bent head, and then slowly vanished from the rafters. Twilight filled the room, and Rebecca covered her face with her hands. *Rebecca — of enchanting beauty!* Through her work-hardened fingers the tears dripped.



Rebecca saw only a thin, neglected child

MISS Merrill, the teacher, learned of Rebecca's situation the next morning, and was thereby troubled as she was fond of the child. Toward noon, a distinguished appearing young woman entered the room and stood talking with Miss Merrill.

"It's Miss Anselma Huntington, the noted artist", whispered the girl next to Rebecca. "She attends my church and our clergyman told us about her. Her pictures have won honors."

Rebecca regarded her with great interest as they arose for dismissal. Miss Huntington appeared to be looking for something, for she studied each child attentively as the line marched past her. Rebecca was near the end, but Miss Huntington's quick eye discovered her long before she approached, and her gaze followed the small figure until it disappeared through the doorway. Then she turned to Miss Merrill.

"That child has exactly the shade of hair I am seeking," she said eagerly. "Who is she? Do you think her people would permit her to pose for me?"

Miss Merrill's face brightened, and she briefly recounted Rebecca's history. Miss Huntington listened with great interest.

"It is easy to see that the child comes of good ancestry," she observed thoughtfully. "I noticed that in her gait. Why she walks like a little queen; and her face, too, is good — nothing common nor coarse in her features."

"I wonder she is as sweet and innocent as she is when you consider the way she has been neglected," replied Miss Merrill. "A crucial point in the child's career has now been reached and if someone does not befriend her, I fear for her future. I will see Mrs. Binks myself if you wish, and ask if Rebecca may come to your studio on Saturday."

So it came to pass that on Saturday morning, Rebecca rang the bell at Miss Huntington's apartment. The ring was answered by Miss Huntington's mother who showed Rebecca the way to the bath-room and between them they gave Rebecca's hair a careful shampoo. "We want this beautiful hair of yours to look its best to-day," remarked Mrs. Huntington, "for my daughter is to put you in a picture. She is out now, but will return by the time your hair is dry."

Afterward Rebecca sat in a window seat while her hair was drying, and presently Miss Huntington returned. Then they all went into a dressing room and they helped Rebecca don the costume she was to wear. Fear of making Rebecca vain restrained Miss Huntington from commenting too freely, but she shot a triumphant glance at her mother when the last fold was finally adjusted.

"Come into the studio," she said, "and look in the great mirror."

Rebecca followed her. Whose reflection was that? Surely not hers. Instead of the forlorn little girl she had seen in the shop window yesterday, she now saw a slender maiden all resplendent in a wonderful blue robe with wide flowing sleeves and a beautifully embroidered wide silk girdle just under the arms. And her hair! Released from its pigtailed at last, it hung in long rippling masses far below her waist and was bound about her temples with a slender blue fillet. And *such* hair—shimmering and sparkling in the morning sunlight! She glanced down at her feet. Gone were the coarse shoes which made her feet look so large, and in their place were charming little sandals with pearls and dark blue stones gleaming across the insteps. Rebecca gasped.

"O" she exclaimed involuntarily, "it's come at last. Rebecca — of *enchanted beauty*!"

Mrs. and Miss Huntington looked on smilingly, but later when Miss Holland had donned a great cover-all of brown holland and taken her palette on her arm, she referred to Rebecca's last remark.

"Rebecca—of *enchanted beauty*," she quoted, "What did you mean, Rebecca, when you said that?"

Rebecca looked a little shamefaced, but she explained about the book of names and how the girls had laughed. Then somehow she found herself telling Miss Huntington about the old baby perambulator and the clothes hampers—how the Italian called "Judas", because she had red hair—how the men asked if they might light their pipes at her head—and how a rude boy cried "Ouch! Ouch! I've burnt my finger," when her hair chanced to blow against him in the street. Miss Huntington looked queerly at her, and then her eyes grew compassionate.

Both ladies were very kind to her. Miss Huntington permitted her to pose for only a short time for fear of tiring her, but she had obtained Mrs. Binks' permission for Rebecca to remain with them all day. So they had lunch, and during the afternoon while Miss Huntington was out, Rebecca read to Mrs. Huntington. The sun was setting when she finally turned homeward, carrying a basket of fruit for Mrs. Binks.

"I'm to come three times a week until the picture is finished," she whispered to herself. "Won't it be wonderful!"

There are dozens of letters in the Post Box now from English Girl Guides who wish to correspond with American Girl Scouts. Wouldn't you like to answer one? If so, write direct to The American Girl and a letter will be forwarded.

TWO weeks later, Miss Huntington called upon Miss Merrill. "To-morrow is the day appointed for Rebecca to go back to the orphanage," she began; "but she is not going. My mother has grown so attached to her that she resolutely refuses to hear of such a thing. Our apartments are small, but she needs some one to help keep them tidy, so we have decided to keep Rebecca and have her do some of the light work after school hours."

"I am so glad," returned Miss Merrill, warmly. "I realized you were befriending the child when she came to school in that pretty dark brown frock and wearing neat shoes and stockings and with her hair properly arranged."

Miss Huntington smiled. "*Rebecca—of enchanted beauty*!" she quoted. Then, as Miss Merrill looked mystified, she explained the incident of the playground. Both young women laughed, but their eyes were misty too.

ONE day several months later, Miss Merrill came out from one of the city museums, and with her was a group of girls to whom she had been giving a history lesson. Rebecca was not with them. They walked for some distance, and then Miss Merrill paused before a large building.

"Did you know", she asked the girls, "that Miss Huntington's latest picture has won a \$3000.00 prize? I should like you to come and see it. It is on exhibition here today."

They entered, and she led the way to where the picture hung. There it stood distinctly revealed in the noonday light—a likeness of a girl with wistful brown eyes, eyes which somehow seemed familiar. On her feet were dainty sandals and her richly-embroidered blue robe gave her the air of a princess. But her hair! Bound about her brows with a blue fillet, it hung in radiant masses about her figure. *Where* had they seen someone resembling her? A child with bristling pig-tails and wearing a faded calico frock? Surely not! How absurd! But in their eyes a revelation was slowly dawning. One of them spoke hesitatingly:

"Yes—no—why, I almost believe it's *our* Rebecca."

"It is *our* Rebecca," responded Miss Merrill. She turned over the pages of her catalogue as she spoke, and then held it toward one of the girls. "I want you all to pay especial attention to the title of this picture. Anna, YOU read it."

Anna looked at the catalogue, hesitated, flushed, and then read (meekly enough this time):

"Rebecca—of *enchanted beauty*."

There was no tittering this time, but an embarrassed uneasiness seemed to pervade the atmosphere. Miss Merrill resumed:

"I am so glad that Miss Huntington has determined to educate Rebecca and give her much better opportunities than she has had". She paused and her keen eyes grew stern. "Rebecca has had a hard life and I am afraid it has been made harder for her in our great public school, the place of all places where the children should have treated her kindly."

Then in deep silence, she led them out!

THE END.

The Fresh Freshmen Meet

THE HAMMON TWINS

By Willis K. Jones

Illustrated by Thelma Gooch

READ THIS FIRST

When the Hammon Twins arrived at college the beginning of Sophomore year, the whole class was disgusted to find that they no longer dressed alike. In the excitement of meeting their classmates they met some extremely fresh freshmen and the "Bunch" resolved to get even. Gladys has a special grudge against one of them who stepped all over her bag and was obnoxious in every way.

In the next day or two college courses get really underway. Margaret went out to find a freshman to invite into her own society and ran across Elizabeth Sears. When Elizabeth discovered that the girls must wear evening dress she was in despair until Margaret offered to help her make one. When the girls were in bed that night there came a cry of "Fire! Fire!"

PART III

AT the words, Margaret Hammon leaped up at once.

Somehow there came flooding back to her the memory of the psychology test that she had witnessed. She wondered whether this was an attempt of the girls to get revenge for the joke played on them through ventriloquism. If so, she would not give them the satisfaction of thinking that she had lost her nerve and become frightened. But the smell of smoke was too strong, the clamor of voices too excited for it to be a practical joke. It must be a fire. Yet, in spite of the clamor, she felt strangely calm.

"I suppose we might as well get dressed," said Gladys. "We can always jump out the window if things get too hot for us."

"Don't make puns, or jest on serious subjects," Margaret laughed at her. "Fires are always hot."

"Well, you know what I mean." As she spoke, the lights went out. She gave a little gasp.

"Steady", Margaret's voice cautioned. "There's no hunch in getting frightened."

Gladys smiled to herself in the darkness. It was a comfort to have a sister that didn't go off into hysterics. "Don't worry. I'm not. But don't you think we ought to run up and see that the rest of the girls are out?"

There was silence for a moment before Margaret replied. "Better not, I guess," she said at last. "The watchman had his lantern and could see. We'd only be in the way and cause more confusion." She kept on dressing as she talked. Luckily she remembered where she had put her clothes.

But all at once she gave an exclamation of disgust. "Where are my stockings?" she demanded. "I'm sure I put them on the arm of this chair." Frantically she felt around the chair and on the floor beneath it, but she could not locate them. She knew that somewhere there was a candle and a box of matches, but she was not yet well enough acquainted with her room to locate them. Then, too, the sound of tramping overhead, the squeal of the excited girls confused her.

It was Gladys who finally discovered the matches and struck a light. Then the stockings appeared, reposing just as she had said on a chair, but not on the one she had thought.

"Everybody out, and don't stop to take anything with you," cried a man's voice on the floor above.

"That's for those upstairs. We don't need to hurry," Margaret exclaimed. "Perhaps those girls will believe us about the value of a first floor room."

By now, with clanging of bells, the local fire company was arriving. The Hammon Twins stopped their work of packing up some of their best dresses and all their valuables into a couple of suitcases, to watch them. Then they resumed labors, and soon had gathered together most of their possessions, which they dropped out of the window onto the grass. They made one last examination of their rooms in the darkness and, although there

still was no sign of the fire, they jumped out of the window, themselves.

THE campus was in a state of wild animation. Crowds surged about the walks and over the grass, where a few men tried to keep from getting too close to the building. But there was no lurid glow of flames to be seen. Smoke came from one of the cellar windows, but even that appeared only in thin wisps, as soon as the firemen with their chemical extinguishers went inside.

Some little diversion was caused when one of the girls, pushed out of the second story door onto the fire escape, became hysterical and refused to climb down. Then, instead of taking her back and allowing her to go down the front stairs, the excited men got hold of a rope and lowered her to the ground.

The Hammon Twins, watching the scene, were sure that it was the most informal fire fighting that they had ever witnessed. The only bit of excitement, after the last girl came down the fire escape, was caused by the frantic efforts of one sophomore to go back after a locket which she said she had left on her bureau. She shrieked out at the men who barred her way, that it was a family heirloom and must be saved.

What she might have done was never determined, for just then the fire chief came out to announce that the fire was out. Soon the cause of the blaze was noised about in the mysterious way that facts have of spreading. A servant, it appeared, who lived in the basement had dropped a candle and set fire to a newspaper which, in turn, had ignited the straw mattress; but except for the clouds of smoke and the scorched woodwork, the damage was slight.

When the matron was assured that it was safe to return to their rooms, another difficulty presented itself. When she reached the front door, she discovered that the night latch was on and the door remained

fastened. She had forgotten her keys in her efforts to see that all the girls were out. All the windows on the porch were also fastened, while the dining-room windows were screened.

As soon as the Hammon Twins learned of the situation, they started to climb in their window. Margaret reached it first and was just starting to pull herself up to the ledge when she felt a hand on her shoulder and Mrs. Knox stopped her. "Its very high," she reasoned. "You better let a man do it or wait until we get a stepladder."

Margaret shook her shoulder away impatiently. "It's easy. I've done it lots of times. Let me alone!" Gladys was there to give her a boost and she climbed to the coping and threw her leg over the sill. She was inside.

At her bureau she paused long enough to find the candle which she lit. Then she went to the front door and opened it to let in the other girls. She held the candle high as the motley crew came inside, and she wished that she were an artist or had flashlight equipment for a photograph.

Many of the girls from the upper floors had not stopped for anything, but had run down just as they had been awakened. Some of the cooler heads had caught up coats or kimonos. Only a few had taken time to dress.

One girl whom Margaret knew only slightly had put on her best hat and evening dress and had worn above it a gray and red bathrobe, disreputably faded from frequent fadings. Just as she was coming in, the janitor, who had been investigating the reason for the lights being off, found the trouble and the hall lights flashed on suddenly, so frightened the girl that she dropped the suitcase that she had been carrying. It flew open and a pin cushion, the only thing in it, rolled out.

Several other girls had packed things into hand bags and satchels to be saved. They came in so worn with excitement that they could scarcely stagger up stairs, much less carry their bags. Margaret helped one girl up with a suitcase into which she had thrown all her shoes. Another sophomore was frantically hugging a pillow from her bed to which she had clung during the whole time.

Gladys, too, made herself useful in calming some of those girls who threatened now that the danger



Each girl wore, pinned to the side of her head, two enormous green ears

was over, to lose their nerve and become hysterical. She found one tall girl with fiery red hair who was so unnerved that she refused to enter her room, but in her nightgown kept walking back and forth in the hallway with her golf cape draped over her arm. When Gladys finally persuaded her to get calmed enough to go back to her room, she discovered that at the first signal of danger the girl had emptied the contents of all her bureau drawers into the bath tub. At least that was what Gladys surmised, although the girl disclaimed all knowledge of the act and could give no good reason why they would be safer there than elsewhere.

The excitement gradually died down. Most of the girls had returned to their rooms, to make an attempt to sleep, when a door on the second floor opened and Florence Knight, sleepy-eyed, stuck her head out to demand the reason for all the noise when she wanted to sleep. The commotion had left her undisturbed and she slept through the alarm of fire.

Both the Hammon Twins envied her ability to sleep as they tossed in their beds trying to doze off. And like most things, as soon as they had given up trying to secure it, and had decided that it was too near morning to sleep anyway,

slumber came to them. They lost consciousness and knew nothing more until their alarm clock awakened them.

If it had been any other morning, probably they would have remained in bed and cut chapel, but there was too much going on to be missed. They had to go to see whether the freshmen had obeyed them, and disclosed their ears.

THE sophomore class waited around the chapel entrance. Most of the upperclassmen, knowing what was going on, stood somewhere near the door. The first bell had long since sounded. It was time for the first year girls to come, still not one of them put in an appearance. Finally the others wondered whether the freshmen were all going to cut chapel.

Not till the last bell began to toll did they put in an appearance. Then with the first stroke of the last bell, the door of the Botany building opened. In groups of three the freshmen came out and marched, three abreast, up the path, displaying ears. Each girl wore, pinned to the side of her head, two enormous green cloth ears that nodded and fluttered in the wind as they marched to morning chapel.

The upperclassmen could not help laughing at the discomfiture of the sophomores who stood helplessly watching the class as it entered the building. The head of the English department was conducting the service that morning. She looked as though she could not believe her eyes when she saw the green-eared freshmen marching to their seats. The chapel organist, playing for the opening, caught one glimpse of them and then through the prelude began weaving strains of "The Wearing of the Green".

And that morning, instead of the carefully prepared talk she had meant to give, the English professor spoke of the college loyalty and the use of college traditions and customs. She explained the value of such customs as class rules and tried to make them understand how it was for the best welfare of the institution to let the seniors—those who had been there longest and knew most about the spirit of the place, dictate precedent and have the greatest amount of authority about the control of it. She told them how it was for the good of other classes to have some of the privileges curtailed, though often reacting dangerously upon those who did the curtailing. And she

ended, "Those who have ears to hear, let them hear."

It was a sober crowd that filed out of the chapel. Gladys voiced the sentiment of many when she complained that she did not know against whom the homily had been directed. Even the freshmen appeared subdued and a little ashamed of themselves. They did not seem to have their former jubilant spirit as they left the building and scattered to their classes and rooms.

"Well, it's good for them to be squelched," said one senior, "but it sort of looks as though we had been given a back-hand slap ourselves."

General was the discussion. The sophomores felt still more definitely that something ought to be done, some systematic hazing started even at the risk of incurring the displeasure of the authorities who frowned upon it because they were afraid it would frighten away girls who might be considering entering later. "Maybe it does smack of the dark ages," said the sophomore president, "but these fresh freshmen need to be toned down, if not by respect, then by fear."

Gladys Hammon, who had a class, could not stay for the discussion, but hurried off to the Physics laboratory, leaving Margaret in the thick of the discussion. When Gladys reached the building where her class was to be held, she discovered that some freshman had been there first. Chalked on the cement walk at the entrance were the words, "Ears to 1925". And several new girls, looking rather ridiculous with their hair pulled tightly back and their green ears flapping, passed down the walk and turned to see what the sophomores would do.

ONCE in the Physics class, however, such things as interclass troubles were quickly forgotten. It was a college tradition that Miss Hildebrande, the instructor, lived in a physics realm and paid no attention to anything else. One wag had started the story that once she had refused to eat fruit cake, because the currants in it had nothing to do with her electric currents. Electricity was her hobby. She had fitted up her electric runabout with electric burglar-proof locks, and everything in her house ran by electricity.

Gladys, prepared by the discussions which she had heard from those who had taken her course before, was worried by uncertainty as she took her place. She wrote her

name and class on the paper which was passed, and then sat back and tried to get prepared for anything.

MISS HILDEBRAND looked over the class reflectively. "How many studied physics in high school?" she inquired, and smiled with satisfaction as every hand was raised. "Then we need not bother with fundamentals, which all of you must certainly know. But perhaps I had better ask a few questions to ascertain your grasp of the subject". She studied the paper containing the names of the class, then she peered over her gold rimmed spectacles.

"Miss Copeland."

Gladys felt the girl next to her tremble and shudder.

"Miss Copeland, tell us what it is that conducts electricity."

There was a dead silence. The girl next to Gladys tried once or twice to speak but could not make a sound. Miss Hildebrande again studied the list suspiciously. "Is there no Miss Copeland?"

One or two of the girls giggled. They remembered accounts of the joke played on this teacher by a class the previous year. Someone in a spirit of fun had written the name "Sally Blutz" on the class list. For several recitations one or another in the secret would recite for the fictitious lady. Then Miss Blutz began to cut class, but always with valid excuses. One day according to the girls, Miss Blutz had gone to see the oculist. Then she was supposed to be sick. Then she went home for a funeral. Finally in disgust, Miss Hildebrande had consulted the dean, only to find that no such person had ever entered Natick College.

Perhaps that was now in the teacher's mind as she repeated the name. "If Miss Copeland is in class, will she please hold up her hand."

Gladys' neighbor raised her hand. "Good. Now, Miss Copeland, please tell us what it is that conducts electricity."

The girl was almost too frightened to speak. "Why —er —er", she stammered.

"Quite correct. Wire. But there are many other things also, metals in general and water to some degree. Now can you tell me the unit used to measure the electricity that a wire conducts?"

"The what?"

"Exactly, the watt, but since that unit is so small we usually say the

(Continued on page 35)

THE LOST SLIPPER

By Estella Barnum Shelley

Illustrated by William Schnelle

NORA, the old family servant, stalked heavily into the dainty, girlish bedroom, her arms full of clean bed linen.

"I'll just 'tend to this bed while I'm bringin' this linen in here 'cause there's nothin' like savin' a body a few steps. Shirley will be in a powerful rush when she comes home, this bein' Saturday" she remarked to herself.

Suiting action to words, Nora had soon pulled the crumpled sheets and pillow cases from the bed and pillows and tossed them on a pink- and- white cretonne covered window seat where a pair of freshly cleaned white kid slippers had been placed on a newspaper to dry.

When the bed was neat and smooth in its fresh gown of white linen, Nora laboriously gathered up the soiled sheets with one broad sweep of her arms and puffed down the hall. Opening the door of the clothes chute, she sent the load on its way down into the laundry in the basement. The linen fell with a slight thud, due to a white kid slipper incased in a fold of one of the sheets. Perhaps the slipper sighed and wondered vaguely why it was going down in that dark place instead of resting on the window box up in the sunny room.

Shirley La May tripped lightly up the steps as the clock was striking six.

"Dinner", announced a merry, thrilling voice from somewhere.

"Coming", answered Shirley.

Her cheeks glowed from the brisk walk in the spring air, and the thoughts of a delightful week-end with her jolly family and a few dear friends who were to be their guests.

These week-ends were always hailed with delight by the La May family—especially Shirley, who spent long days of hard work training little fingers to play the piano.

Five minutes she joined the noisy, jubilant crowd in the library.

"You old darling!" exclaimed Cousin Bess, who had arrived just that afternoon, as she gave Shirley a tremendous hug and hasty kiss.

Bess was a dear girl, but thoughtlessly careless and irresponsible.

"Strawberry shortcake!" I'll tell the world I'm hungry," announced twelve-year-old Dickie, as he bounded into the room.

Laughing and talking, the family and guests flocked into the dining-room. It was during the dessert, when everyone was doing full justice to the strawberry shortcake, that Brother Tom, out of college only last year, announced to Bess that Dr. Wayne Stanton, a former interesting college chum, was to

spend the evening with them.

"Oh, really," and a most delightful smile dimpled the corners of



She crumpled up in a little miserable heap on the floor

with the same inflection, as she ran up the stairway to remove her wraps and powder her nose.

her mouth. "I've just been dying to know him ever since you came home telling what a perfectly wonderful man he is, so athletic and so intellectual."

"Mercy, no! Just smart and competent without being intellectual, you know," said positive Anne, Shirley's younger sister.

"Shirley met him when she went to Tom's commencement last year, but she hasn't told us a thing about what he's like," complained Anne.

But Shirley was silent, vouchsafing no reply, although she well remembered those lovely days spent at the great university. Those few days at the university commencement with Tom, who had always been her chum since the two were children, were precious memories. And Brother Tom's chum had been interesting and entertaining, too.

"We were sorry that he could not come to dinner," explained Mother La May, "but he wrote that it would be impossible for him to be here before eight-thirty. He happens to be driving through in his new roadster."

WHEN the meal was over, Shirley excused herself to go to the kitchen to help the tired Nora with the dishes, telling the girls that she would be back after she had finished the dishes and prepared refreshments to be served later in the evening. As Shirley was about to pass through the kitchen door, Cousin Bess interrupted her.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Shirley, that I just *somehow* missed putting my slippers in my traveling bag when I came, so I just slipped into your room and borrowed your black satin ones. I knew you wouldn't care. That's a dear," as Shirley nodded approval.

A half hour later, Shirley was slipping into a dainty pink and white frock that was wonderfully becoming to her slender, girlish prettiness. After giving her hair an extra pat and turning and twisting to get the exact effect of her frock, she sat down on a low stool to put on her white kid slippers. Humming a little tune, she caught up one slipper, hastily slipped it on, and glanced about for the other one.

Then began a search that became frantic. Shirley went through the slipper box and dresser drawers, tossing things wildly as she realized

that the slipper seemed to be nowhere in the room. Finally, she became more calm and this time gave the room a thorough, systematic search.

"Why, how foolish of me to look for that slipper all the time, for I can just wear my black ones," she thought.

So thinking, she sought the black slippers in their accustomed place in her dainty slipper box. A look of dismay came over her face when she opened the empty box, for she remembered what Bess had said about borrowing them. Dropping the lid with a gesture of despair, she crumpled up in a little miserable heap on the floor.

"That shiftless girl!" she exclaimed aloud. "Why can she *never* remember things!"

For a moment all her gracious feeling toward Bess seemed to be swept away by a sudden wave of reproachful anger. But Shirley was a type of girl who could not long hold any unkind feeling in her heart.

Five minutes passed before she remembered her dress shoes of soft, black leather. She was about to get them, but, more forlorn than before, she sank back upon the floor. She had left those shoes at the shoe store that morning to have the heels repaired, and, in the rush and excitement of the evening, had forgotten to call for them! Her street shoes were a sorry-looking sight, for she had that evening stepped into a mud puddle as she crossed the park on her way home. Anne's slippers and shoes were entirely too small for her, there was nothing that could be done.

For a long time Shirley sat dejected on the bed. Finally, she crept out into the dark hall and to the head of the stairway. Peering over the balustrade, she could get a glimpse of a part of the living room beyond the reception hall. She sank down in a little heap in a corner of one of the upper steps. The living room was brightly lighted and quite filled with people. Some of Tom's old college friends had dropped in to see young Dr. Stanton, just for "Auld Lang Syne". Laughter, some low and mellow, some high and rippling, came floating up to her. Someone at the piano was playing a spirited college song, and the thrumming of a guitar made a soft undertone. Once she caught a glimpse of Bess and Dr. Stanton. They seemed to be enjoying the evening immensely.

SHIRLEY wondered half bitterly, half regretfully, if none of them had missed her. Why did her evening have to be so ruthlessly spoiled? Had that slipper simply "taken feet" and walked off? And why did it have to disappear so mysteriously *this* evening of all evenings?

After a few minutes of useless searching, she again came out into the hall and toward the head of the stairway. Suddenly she felt the presence of a second person. She stopped as if paralyzed. Was that someone breathing? A board creaked mysteriously. Everyone was down stairs.

"Nora!" Shirley finally summoned her courage, but all was silent.

With a light laugh at her fright, she deliberately walked down toward the end of the hall from which the sounds had come. There was a sudden commotion and the click of a door.

AGAIN she stopped as if paralyzed. What could it all mean? There was no door at that end of the hall other than that of the clothes chute. The first floor was lighted, of course, but there were now no lights on the second.

Then Shirley turned quickly, fled toward the back stairway, and stumbled down the steps, regardless of the fact that one foot wore only a white silk stocking. Nora was dozing before the kitchen fire when Shirley burst in upon her.

"Nora," whispered Shirley excitedly as she grasped the dazed woman by the shoulder and gave her a vigorous shake, "Were you up stairs just now?"

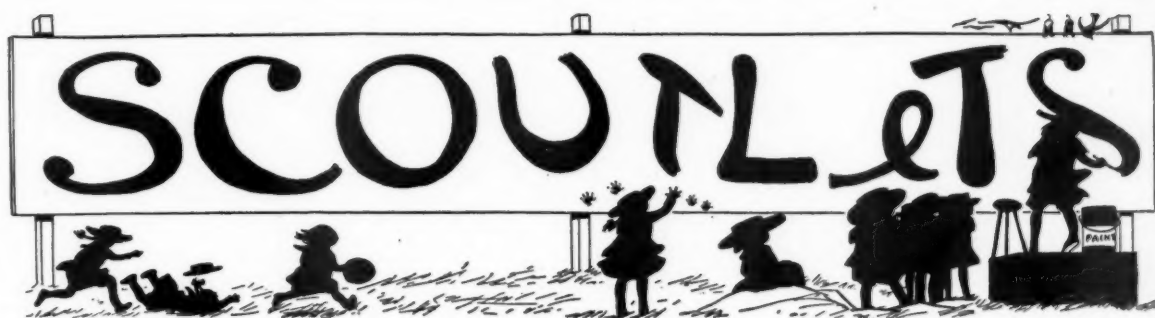
"Law sakes, child, what ails you anyhow?" yawned Nora. "Course I wasn't."

"Come with me!" commanded Shirley breathlessly, as she dragged Nora toward the basement door.

"What ever are you up to, child? Goodness sakes!" as she noticed Shirley's feet. "One shoe off and one shoe on! Don't you know you're walking into trouble just as sure as you are a foot high?" warned the now frightened Nora.

But Shirley in spite of the servant's admonition of approaching evil strapped on the electric lights and dragged the bewildered woman down the cellar-way and toward the laundry. From the region of the clothes chute, over in the corner came some frightful sounds and smothered words.

Having safely reached her destination Shirley gained courage to
(Continued on page 26)



"As a Trout is to a Troutlet—so a Scout is to a Scoutlet"

THERE was a great deal of rejoicing in the sky, for there was to be a party. The Moon had sent out invitations to the Cloudlets, Raindrops, Snowflakes, the Sunbeams and all the little Winds.

The party was to be in the daytime for many reasons. First of all, it was the harvest season, and the Moon had to shine big and round at night. Then, too, the Stars had promised to furnish the music, and old Mr. Sun volunteered to watch over the earth because it was time to gather in the crops, and the world could stand a little dry weather. Besides he felt a bit too old to make merry with the children.

Everyone was so willing to contribute things to the party, in order to make it a real success. Mr. Rainbow offered his colors, the Milky Way the contents for the ice cream, the North Wind promised to freeze the cream and the South Wind sent a cask of delicious flavoring he had gathered from the orchards in distant countries.

The party promised to be the happiest that had ever been held in the skies. Old Mr. Moon is such a fat, jolly fellow. He is always rounder and happier in the late summer. During the winter, he is cold and distant, seemingly pining away, but in the late summer he grows with anticipation of the joys of autumn.

How I wish you might have seen the party; it was held in the Flowers' Hall, a lovely mossy palace where the flowers live in winter. The Rainbow's colors hung in festoons from the ceiling, and large bouquets of flowers arranged themselves about the room. They were ever so much brighter than those on earth; you see, they had grown quite tired because some of them had brightened the lawns and parks

The Heavenly Party

By

Oleda Schrottky

long before the Snow had gone. Over in the corner were the Crocuses, Daffodils, Tulips, Hyacinths, Violets, Lilacs and ever so many wild flowers. Perhaps they looked so much brighter, because they were glad to get back home. A big Yellow Daffodil told me they were a bit lonely, because they missed their other sisters who stayed on earth until autumn.

By this time, the guests began to arrive, and what glorious colors there were: some almost rivalled the Rainbow's hues. Numerous little Cloudlets came with ruffled frocks all tinted with crimson and gold. Their uncle had colored them at sunset. The elder Miss Cloud wore a grayish, fluffy gown, bordered in heavenly blue, which gradually faded to white.

Oh yes, there were the Sunbeams, some in delicate yellow and gold, others in shimmering blue, violet and white. What a sight, as they tripped in two by two, three by three, and what a merry throng they were! The Stars sprinkled the floor with their dust. The very little chaps, the ones that twinkle so roughly, took great delight in blowing star dust upon the party, through their flutes.

Just then, in tripped the East Wind, dressed in a smart green suit. He bowed his prettiest to the elder Miss Cloud, and danced almost every quadrille with her. The West Wind chose one of the Cloudlets all aglow with crimson, and hurled her about so wildly that her frock caught onto the spear of the North Wind and was badly torn.

"Alas and alack!" said the little cloud, "How mother will scold! Now I can't carry any raindrops; they will all fall through with a splash. Oh, dear! How I hope the mortals aren't having any picnics tomorrow. Last time I tore my dress I spoiled a lovely May festival. Oh, dear!"

The Rainbow came to the rescue and said he had so many more colors, he would gladly give a piece to mend the frock. Lightning offered to patch the tear quickly and thoroughly; and, sure enough, it was done in a flash. The party was brought to order when Mr. Moon announced a duet to be sung by the lark and the nightingale.

Just then the Sun rolled in on his way to the west, and said that the mortals had seen the lightning and were wishing for rain. Mr. Moon said that they had not as yet had their ice cream and asked the Sun to stay for a bit.

As soon as the children had their ice cream and sea foam cake, the Sun said: "Come, Cloudlets, take the Raindrops in your aprons and hurry home. You have had a lively party and in turn, make all the earthy people and things happy." So the party ended. Mr. Moon shook each guest graciously by the hand and said that he would meet them in the sky after the rain.

Then the Cloudlets ran across the heavens, because they wanted to get away from the Winds. They let the Raindrops fall to the earth, so that they could run faster, and the little Raindrops gave drink to the thirsty birds and flowers; they made the pasture grow so that the cattle could have food; and they cooled off the earth so that the people could sleep and refresh themselves for another day's work. And the people said: "How good it is to feel the rain, and to know that our crops are harvested."



THE PRACTICAL SCOUT INDOORS AND OUT

Edited by Eliza Morgan Swift

Commissioner of Colorado Springs



Weather Lore

How many of you have scanned the sky anxiously on the morning of a holiday, hoping to read its secret of fair or rainy weather? How many of you have learned the signs that foretell the coming storm? No one can prophesy the variations of wind and weather with such accuracy as the old sailor, whose business in life—indeed, whose very life itself, is dependent on his knowledge of the waywardness of nature. It is some of his lore, drawn from long experience, that I offer here.

Thunder storms do not follow the rule for shifting winds. They spring up at almost any point on the horizon and have their own particular way of behaving. If you see a black thunder cloud to windward (that is, in the direction from which the wind is blowing), you need not worry much about a wetting, for the way of this perverse creature is to come up against the wind. If, on the other hand, it appears to leeward (that is, in the direction toward which the wind is moving), better hurry for shelter before it breaks. A sailor is always watchful, too, for what he calls a white squall.

The east wind brings our worst storms, and we can generally count on their lasting at least three days: one to gather, one to break, and one to die away. Twice a year when the days and nights are the same length, the 21st of March and the 21st of September, we have what the sailors call "the line storms," for it is then that the sun crosses the equator, and though these storms are at their height along the coast, the lash of their tails can generally be felt across the entire country.

"Rain before seven,
Clear before eleven."

Is a little verse to go by, and is often true of an early morning shower. Long, sweeping white clouds if numerous and uniform, are called mares' tails and are considered a sign of storm, also the



mackerel sky which looks like the scales of a fish; but I have never found these two signs altogether reliable. On the other hand, a big white ring around the moon at night is almost sure to forecast a coming storm, though it may be several days before the weather changes.

The fogs that envelop the coast in the late Spring and early Summer and make the weather hot and muggy far into the interior, are largely due to the icebergs which move South as the early summer sun breaks up the large ice fields of the arctic seas. These great floating islands of ice meet the warm winds and currents from the South, condensing their moisture into the fogs which blow across our shores. When we are depressed by their dampness and gloom we must try to remember that they are a sign of the arctic Summer and mean that some little Eskimo girl has at last the warm and comforting sunshine after the cold and total darkness of the long Winter months.

If any of the scouts can add to these few suggestions we will be so glad to hear from them, and when Winter comes let us know who smells the approach of the first snowstorm.

Ask an old salt what sort of weather will be had on the morrow and he is almost certain to answer you with one or the other of these expressions; that is, of course, after taking time to remove his pipe from his mouth and to squint his eyes along the horizon: "Waal the wind's haulin', it's likely to clear". Or "Waal the wind's backin', it's likely to storm". For in the meaning of these two words—hauling and backing we find the roots of the sailor's weather wisdom. When the wind hauls it moves from north to east to south to west to north. When it backs it reverses the order.

GO out in the open with your compasses. Can you see a flag flying or a weather-vane? If not, tie a handkerchief or a bit of ribbon on a stick flag-wise and hold it in the air. Note, by your compass,

which way the wind is blowing. If the weather is uncertain, do this several times during the day. Keep it up for a week and write down your observations. You will soon find that when the wind has moved from one point to the other on the compass as I have named; north, east, south, west, the weather clears, while in the opposite direction it means an approaching storm. If you have no compass you can use your watch. Place it flat, face up, and call 12 o'clock north and 6 o'clock south. 3 o'clock will be east and 9 o'clock will be west. If then the shifting wind has followed the direction of the moving hands of the watch from 12 to 3, and so on, the wind has hauled; if it has gone in the opposite direction, it has backed.

We must not expect these changes in the wind to come rapidly. They are a matter of hours, often days. Sometimes the wind will die down altogether, and spring up from another quarter after awhile. In some such cases, if it has shifted half way round the compass, it is hard to tell whether it has hauled or backed, and we have to turn to other signs for guidance, such as a change in temperature, a clearing sky, and other points which will be found later on.

I want to make another suggestion as to how to tell which way it is blowing. Put two fingers in your mouth and hold them up wet to the air, turn them around slowly and the breeze blowing against the wet surface will chill one side or the other so that you can mark its direction. This is at times better than a flag. In a wood, for example. Perhaps you have lost your way and can smell the smoke of your camp fire, but can not tell from which direction it comes. There is only a breath of air stirring. Find out by your wet fingers where that little breeze comes from and follow it safely back to camp.



SCOUT RIPPLES

By The Water Scout, Commodore W. E. Longfellow

Life Saving Corps, Red Cross



Water Safety Rules at Home

Back from camp where the scouts have had the protection of adequate safeguards in the way of sensible regulations as to the proper load for boats, the prohibiting of standing and such stunts, good scouts will apply these lessons to their canoe and boat excursions. There is always danger in the fall after school begins, and the safeguards have been withdrawn a bit, that boating parties may kick over the traces and ignore safety rules. A good scout believes in the rule of "Safety Always" and lives up to it.

In the glorious autumn days, there is less traffic on the rivers and lakes, and consequently the chances of getting prompt aid in case of water accidents are lessened. But with due care and the observance of the rule requiring a proper proportion of life-savers and swimmers in every canoe or rowboat some wonderful water hikes may be taken in autumn.

Keep up Swimming Enthusiasm

Everyone comes back from camp full of enthusiasm about water sports, especially swimming. Many have just started and learned to keep up "on their own" for a few yards. It is nothing short of a calamity to let their enthusiasm die out for lack of a place to swim. Officials of local councils should arrange to carry on the swimming program for scouts right through the fall and winter, and the logical procedure is "keep on" while the scouts are anxious to do so.

It is sort of difficult when the snow is on the ground to get them started on an outdoor swimming program. Their enthusiasm has cooled by then.

The swimming and life-saving should be in charge of a committee with an energetic chairman who is

found of the sport, even though she may not be an expert herself. Arrangements can be made in most places for the use of the local pool an hour or so each week. Girl

Scouts have arrangements to swim in all sorts of pools: in schools, colleges, Y. W. C. A.'s, Y. M. C. A.'s, commercial club pools, boys' clubs, athletic clubs, municipal baths, and even armories, Elks' clubs and K. of C.'s, for these latter organizations are installing pools in many communities.

It is the duty of the committee to line up several good instructors to teach elementary swimming and life-saving to the scouts, and these should be the best local swimmers available. The best teaching is none too good. This is a way in which the Red Cross Life Saving Corps members can earn their service medals and bars, and they will be found ready to volunteer to help. College women who have been good swimmers can be found in most places, and they will be glad to serve on committees and teach also, if the possibilities are explained to them.

Swimming With Equipment

Recently across the Gatun lock at the Panama Canal the first battalion of a regiment of U. S. infantry stationed there swam across in field equipment; that is, ready to fight and intrench when it got over. The men wore swimming trunks and all the upper accoutrements, including rifle, ammunition, canteen, haversack, First Aid kit, etc. For Girl



Father Neptune and the Water Nymphs—Pine Tree Camp, Mass.

Scouts, it would not be necessary to cross a stream to fight people, but it might be necessary to cross to render First Aid, to fight a fire, to help flood

sufferers, to cook for refugees marooned on a levee or on high ground above a flood. It adds zest to the test for swimming in clothes or under a handicap to dramatize emergencies and relief measures. They make an attractive water demonstration for visitors' day.

Problem A.—A girl across a fifty-foot stream has broken a leg. Four swimmers with a regulation stretcher swim over, splint the leg for transportation, place the patient on a litter and swim back to shore, landing the patient for transportation to the hospital. Let the diving float represent the distance across the stream. Have the stretcher squad selected from life-savers and sharks in camp and have them practice it in bathing suits before trying it in camping or hiking clothes. It would be logical to remove shoes and stockings, even if there were a crowd of onlookers who had no idea how to effect the rescue.

Problem B.—Family of five people marooned in upper story of dwelling; foundations of house shaky and no boat available. Scouts have no bathing suits and there is a crowd of onlookers who cannot swim. **Solution.**—Scout life-savers remove footgear, connect guard ropes to make line long enough to reach the house which has the usual amount of furniture, although some of it will have to be salvaged by diving. The ironing board is used for one child, under the pilotage of a scout. The kitchen table, by tipping its legs up, is used for the larger child. The father is able to haul himself ashore, hand over hand, by the rope, but the mother is ferried, floating on her back, by two scouts who hold her arms and swim with the opposite hand. The family valuables can be ferried in the wash-tub by another scout.

(Continued on page 25)

SCRIBES' CORNER



Virginia Lipscomb, First Class Scout, of Rome, Ga.

Marfa, Tex.

During April the Girl Scouts were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Buck Pool on a fishing trip to their beautiful lake.

Three cars full of Scouts, with the Scout Captain, participated. The girls brought and cooked a delicious camp fire supper of bacon, eggs, hot toast, jelly and tomatoes.

Between watching the beautiful sunset glowing on the waters and the excitement of occasionally catching a fish, the event proved most thrilling.

Anacostia, D. C.

Seven members of Troop 34, of Anacostia, D. C., took part in an entertainment at the grade school here, early in June. Only ten-minute stunts were allowed on the program.

Three of the girls played "tag" on the lawn, while the four others in the background sang a Scout song, "Girl Scouts of America." Just as the chorus was reached, one of the three girls fell. Her two companions ran to her and, after looking her over for possible injuries, found she had received a

"sprained" wrist and ankle. They immediately tore off their neckerchiefs and bandaged the injured member. Then one of the girls blew a whistle, calling in the other Scouts, and the six formed in three at each side, and carried her off the field amid the cheers of the appreciative audience.

The First Aid methods used in bandaging and carrying the injured Scout were methods as demonstrated by Commodore Longfellow of the Life Saving Corps of the A. R. C.

Rome, Ga.

The Girl Scout Handbook says that in the making of a First Class Scout, "The ability to grasp a subject quickly, and memorize details, is not so important as practical efficiency, reliability, and demonstrated usefulness to the Troop and the Community."

Those three qualifications are true in a marked degree of the first "First Class Scout" of northwest Georgia. She has the ability to grasp a subject quickly to a marked degree and, in addition, is, from her Captain's point of view, the most dependable Scout in the troop.

Virginia Robert Lipscomb, better known as "Bobby," of Troop 2, was presented with her First Class Badge on May 16, 1922, at the home of the Scout Commissioner, Mrs. W. H. Lewis. The presentation was made by Miss Dorris Hough, Regional Director of Girl Scouts, in the presence of Eagle Troop and the Executive Board of the Rome Council.

At a Mother's Tea given by Troop 42 of Washington, D. C., one of the members, a girl of ten years, read the following paper she had written for the occasion:

Before I was ten years old and where I used to live, almost all my girl playmates were Girl Scouts. I looked forward for my tenth birthday to come, because I was so anxious to be a Girl Scout myself.

After my birthday in the Fall, when the Girl Scouts began to have their meetings again, I went to the meetings four or five times. I studied hard and passed my Tenderfoot test.

For a Christmas present mother gave me my khaki uniform. I went to Capt. Young's party and was invested.

I was so proud to be a Girl Scout, and to be in a uniform. I think it a worth while thing for all girls to belong to. I wore my uniform every Monday (for that is the day we have our meetings) and after awhile some of my school friends asked me if they could join my Troop. That is how our Troop grows. I would like to tell you a little bit about the party we gave to the Troop of the Industrial Home School. We invited these Girl Scouts to a party along in November. First we played games. then we went up to two of the Scouts' mothers' houses and had some refreshments. After that we took the girls home.

We could tell they enjoyed the party by their faces and besides they told us they did.

HELEN CHAFEE,

Troop No. 42, Chevy Chase, Md.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Girl Scouts in the Fourth of July Parade



HOME NEWS



Manhattan Captains building a log cabin fire at Northover Camp, N. J.

Trout, La.

The Girl Scouts of this town organized June 13, 1921. There were eight when we organized, but there are only seven now, as one member moved.

Very soon after organization we had a camping trip. It was the first trip we had ever been on, and we forgot several things: They were the skillet, pans, coffee and any kind of light. The first night we had our beds made out in the open and it began to rain, so we brought them into the tent. Some of us girls gathered some wood, but there wasn't enough to keep a fire very long. The fire went out and, as I mentioned before, we had no light. By the way, the man who was going to stay with us was a preacher, and was holding a meeting, and could not get there until 10 o'clock that night. When the light went out, we told ghost stories and thought we could hear wild animals, until we were scared stiff, but we would not say we were afraid for fear we might scare someone. After a while the preacher came to our relief and brought a lantern, a flashlight, some pans and a lot of provisions. We had a feast, and then retired. That night we were not very comfortable, as there were eight girls and a man and his wife. One girl was sleeping on a little hill, and every once in a while she would roll down on her neighbor.

The next day, there was a large bunch came to see us. That night it rained so hard, and we were so

crowded, with eighteen in one tent, that we did not know what we were going to do. At last two men came with their cars, and carried us to a schoolhouse.

We have earned \$22 to help pay for the new piano in the church.

Hemet, Calif.

We have been interested in wild flowers, and up to the first of May had gathered, pressed, named and classified 108 different species, had them mounted and on display at our bazar. Now we are sending them out to shut-ins, who are enjoying a little bit of the wild.

Our librarian has given us a shelf to be used for our reference books, with the sign "Girl Scouts' Reference Books" on the same. We helped her with keeping a collection of wild flowers on display at the library all the spring.

MRS. J. V. D., Captain.

*All aboard
for Camp,
Bradford,
Pa.*



St. Louis, Mo.

Troop 2 is a wonderful organization of resourceful, self-governing, energetic Scouts united by a bond of mutual understanding and a spirit of service. The patrol system has been tested and found perfect in the development and directing of the immense amount of energy stored within its members.

In the three years it has been in existence, it has raised and given to charity almost \$2,000. It has helped the Children's Aid, Bethesda, Crippled Children of the Ridge Farm, Day Nurseries, Pure Milk Committee, Hungry Children of Europe, Dr. Grenfell's Association, Colored Orphans' Home, Tubercular Children and two playgrounds, has supported two families and has been the bearer of sunshine and food, once each month, into the life of a shut-in; given valentines to the Children's Hospital, and magazines and flowers to the City Hospital.

Aside from this service, Troop 2 has carried the Scout movement into many parts of the city and county, going in its enthusiastic, confident way, it has always convinced others that "to be a Girl Scout is really to live and get all the joy out of living."

In three instances it has financed other troops until they were in condition to finance themselves.

When one considers that there was but one small Troop of Girl Scouts when Troop 2 was organized, and now there are twenty-seven, one can readily see what a powerful and efficient factor in the growth of the Scout movement this troop has proven.

ISABEL L. HULL, Captain.



Our Party Page

We have had so many demands for Girl Scout Exhibitions that we are printing this outline, which came to us from Cincinnati, Ohio.

Assembly for review of troops at point A. Troops will be inspected for uniforms and equipment.

Official.—Khaki uniform, scout hat, black hair ribbon or none, tie tied four-in-hand with Tenderfoot pin just under the knot, black shoes and stockings or brown shoes and stockings.

Informal.—Dark skirt, white middie, black hair ribbon or none, black tie tied four-in-hand, black shoes and stockings or brown shoes and stockings. Tenderfoot pin just under the knot if scout has been invested. Troops to carry American and troop flags.

Contests.—Scout may enter only one of *Knot Tying*. "Be Prepared" to bind a rope and fix it for transportation. Be able to tie bowline, reef knot, sheet bend, clove hitch, sheep shank, half hitch, as given in the Handbook. Know the purpose and use of each. See pages 484 to 496 in "Scouting for Girls." Scouts should carry their own rope ($\frac{1}{4}$ inch manila, or clothesline), 10 or 12 feet long. Judged for speed and accuracy. Contest to be held between points A and B.

First Aid.—Provide own first aid materials. "Be Prepared," sling, splint head, ankle, figure-of-eight for arm bandages and stretcher made of blanket or uniform. Some one will tell a story of an accident; groups to dramatize the story. Group of six scouts for contest and one additional scout for the patient. Contest to be held between points B and G.

Darning.—Bring old stocking; dark darning cotton if the stocking is light, or light darning cotton if the stocking is dark; also, needle, thimble, scissors and darning egg. Do not cut hole in stocking. Judged for neatness speed and weave. Contest to be held at point C.

Signaling.—Bring Morse signal flags. Enter teams of four.

1. Reader (reads message to sender).

2. Sender (sends message to receiver).

3. Receiver (receives message from sender).

4. Writer (writes message as receiver receives it).

Judged on form and accuracy. See Section X, pages 97 to 100, in "Scouting for Girls." Know entire alphabet and figures. Form includes figure-of-eight motion in handling flag, in order to avoid fouling. Pole about 42 inches long and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter. Sentence message containing at least 50 letters to be followed by a demonstration of the message. Contest to be held between points D and E and A and F.

Lunch Hour.—Canteen.

Assembly.—Troops to assemble at troop quarters.

Buglers' Contest at point H. Sign up at point J upon arrival.

Scouts may enter only one of the following:

Pyramids.—Each troop may put on three pyramids from the Spalding Manual. Contest to be held between point I and A.

Folk Dancing.—The troops may choose own dance. Send sheet music to office by June 1st. Contest will take place at points B and G.

Equipment Race.—Enter in teams of four. Bring umbrella, suitcase, rubbers, sweater (slip-on), hat, neckerchief and gloves. Leave given point with all materials in a suitcase except umbrella. Go to point assigned, open suitcase, put on all equipment, raise umbrella, and hurry back to starting point. Take off equipment, lower umbrella, put equipment in suitcase and pass umbrella and suitcase to the next scout in line. Speed event. Contest to start at point E.

Scouts may enter only one of the following:

Bicycling.—Parade and Musical Chair.

Horsemanship.—Any scout desiring to pass the Horsewoman Merit Badge Test may do so at this time, providing she has her own horse or has attended the riding school during the past year. Event to take place between points E and D.

Badge awards and closing ceremony.

REGULATIONS

1. Headquarters will be at point J.

2. Leaders will please fill out the entry sheets and send them to the office.

3. Each chairman will select her own committee.

4. Judges of each contest will be invited by the chairman of The Frolic, unless otherwise stated.

5. The Red Cross has consented to take charge of the First Aid.

7. Your troop quarters for the day will be marked with a card bearing the number of your troop. Find it. Report there, meet there, eat there and stay there when not in contests.

A Scouting Bee

From Atlanta, Ga., comes the suggestion of an old-fashioned "Bee," with scouting for the subject in place of spelling or geography. The plan is to have fifty or one hundred questions covering Tenderfoot and Second Class subjects, written on slips of paper. Opposing troops or patrols, or representatives of these, are lined up as was the custom in the days of the little old red schoolhouse a half century ago, and referees take the questions out of a box at random, and the scouts answer as long as they can. The troop or patrol with the largest number of scouts still standing, when the questions are exhausted, is declared the winner.

It will be found that such contests afford amusement at rallies, and can be made an instructive game in all sorts of scout lore.

The Atlanta list includes questions about the scout laws, asking about them by number, about knots, about names of the governor, mayor and other officials, as well as questions about the flag, and such striking and novel questions as "In what direction and how far from Five Points is the Terminal station?"

This type of questions could be used to cover the test for *Pathfinder*, and a similar list could easily be made for *Citizen* and *Health Guardian*.



SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



Miriam Bernard of Providence, R. I., has sent us such interesting letters from an English Girl Guide, Florrie Burley, that we are printing excerpts from them in order that all Girl Scouts may enjoy them.

MY DEAR MIRIAM:

It is so interesting to hear you like horseback riding; it is a very, very rare sport in England. I love horses; in fact, all animals, so it is very easy to keep my sixth Guide Law. By the way, we have a nice little verse containing our ten Guide rules:

"Trusty, loyal and helpful,
Sisterly, courteous and kind;
Smiling, obedient and thrifty,
Pure as the rustling wind."

Do you like it, or did you already know it?

I have two cats—at least, one big black cat and a little kitten. I love kittens; I think they are sweet little things.

Two years I have been a Guide and have enjoyed every moment of it; in fact, I get more keen on Guide work every day.

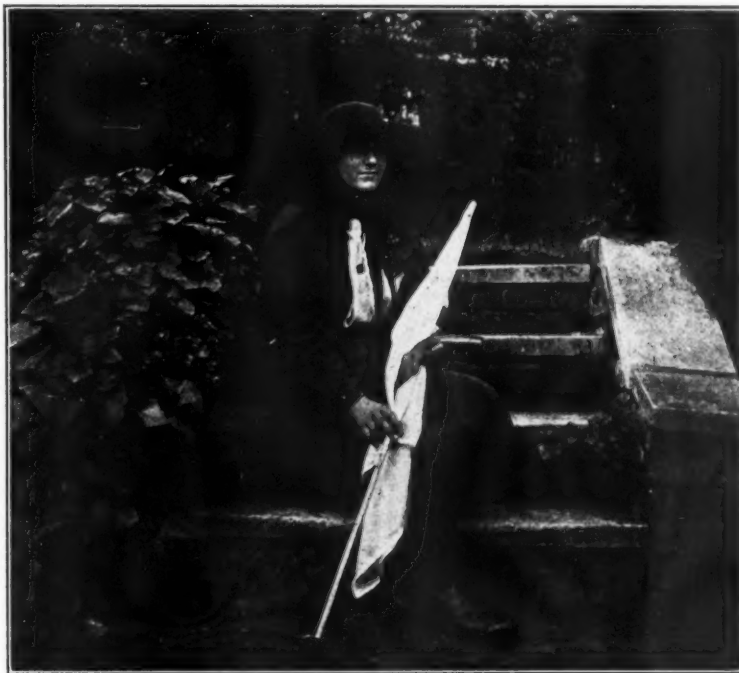
I have been chosen as Pack Leader of our Brownies, and was enrolled last night. We have twenty-six Brownies now, and there is plenty to do to look after them. They look charming in their little brown uniforms and bonnets. What with being Patrol Leader and Pack Leader, I have plenty to do as you may guess, but I love the work. I have started a new Patrol—the Canary Patrol—and our motto is: "Make sunshine in the house."

Eight Guides from our company (myself included) took part in the Lord Mayor's procession last Wednesday. We had a lovely time. Over 2,000 took part, not all Guides. There were scouts, cubs, Scotch scouts (wearing kilts and playing bagpipes), soldiers, sailors, boy brigades, firemen, nurses; in fact, all kinds of companies were represented. There were fourteen bands, two of which were mounted. I love the State Trumpeters; they wear very swagger gold uniforms, with black velvet jockey caps, and carry gold trumpets, hanging from which are lovely squares of cloth of gold. They are mounted on milk white steeds and look absolutely gorgeous.

It sounds quite romantic, doesn't it? Of course, we did not see half of the procession—only the parts which marched by while we were waiting to start. We did see the Lord Mayor in his coach, which is very ancient, but lovely. It is gilt and has finely painted pictures on the sides. It is often referred to as "Cinderella's, or the Fairy Tale Coach." It is drawn by six magnificent horses in very swell harness of moonlight blue and gold. Two men stand at the back of the coach, in uniforms of blue velvet and gold trimmings, with very funny three-cornered hats. There were sheriffs, aldermen, etc., all of whom wear

Before I go any farther, I must thank you ever, ever so much for the magazines. I think they are just lovely. Do you want them back? If not, I think I shall have them bound, for they are so very interesting.

On May 27th, we held our annual Northland display at the Guildhall. It is in the heart of London, and was kindly lent us by the Lord Mayor, who was present with the Lady Mayoress. Our dear, dearest Commisisoner was there also. She is Mrs. Mark Kerr, who has been to America to inspect the scouts.



Florrie Burley, an English Girl Guide, who has written the interesting letter to be found on this page

very quaint uniforms, handed down from generation to generation. Some wear powdered wigs, some long white curls, some carry gold sticks, others large gold ornaments. These all mean different ranks, but I do not understand them. Anyhow, it was a gorgeous blaze of color. England keeps up some very old customs, and you could imagine you were back in the Eighteenth Century.

What, really, is a clam bake? We have never heard of them. It sounds like something interesting.

I am going to Preston in Lancashire, right up in the north, for my holidays, but am not going until September, as they are holding a Guild there then, and it only comes once in twenty-one years. With love,

Your friend and sister Guide,
FLORRIE.

MORE SCOUT NEWS FOR YOU!

Bronx, N. Y.

Good will, appreciation of the fine things of this world, and comradeship formed the spirit which seemed to actuate 1,000 members of the Bronx Girl Scouts, at the rally of the organization on the huge field overlooking Pelham Bay.

The guest of honor was the council's benefactor, Dr. Wm. A. Murrill, through whose generosity the Girl Scouts have had the use of his house for their social and athletic activities during the summer months. Hundreds of other spectators also were present—relatives and friends of the Scouts, and as the opening dress parade swept down the field in the wake of the national colors and the council banner, the crowds pressed close to the field's edge to enthusiastically applaud and cheer the girls as they passed.

They made an excellent showing as they lined up for the "Salute to the Flag" and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" at the close of the parade. Council Director Agnes Buckley congratulated them warmly upon their appearance and bearing as she presented inspection cards to the company captains, awarding the prize for best form and most excellent general appearance to Troop 72.

The most important event of the day's program was the presentation of the "Badges of the Golden Eagles" to Miss Alma Hansmen and Capt. Pauline Alexander.

"First Class awards" went to Misses Sophie Sloan, Lillian Schmitt, Luch Kublanow, Marian Whitney and Capt. Maud Buckley.

Next on the program was the performance of "stunts" by the various troops, under direction of their respective captains. Among the most interesting of all those performed was a pantomime representation of all the virtues and qualities the Girl Scout is taught to cultivate and practice at all times: Cheerfulness, generosity, kindness, courtesy, obedience to authority, and loyalty.

They also gave some interesting demonstrations showing how the Scouts help injured companions, how they bind a broken limb in an emergency bandage, and rescue the drowning.

A committee of judges, comprising Dr. Murrill, Director Buckley and Capt. Alexander, awarded the loving cup for the best "stunt" to Troop 17.

Then followed a big sing, after the stunts were all over, and the tired Scouts squatted together chummily on the green for a rest from the exertion of their activities, until Director Buckley gave the signal for "attention," and every Scout rose, "formed ranks" and stood rigid as the colors were lowered. Eyes front, and each hand raised in military salute to the Stars and Stripes, the Bronx Girl Scouts closed the impressive and happy event.

Chehalis, Wash.

The first public demonstration given by Girl Scouts in Chehalis, occurred on Friday night, May 5. The members of all three troops (eighty-one girls) shared in presenting a three part program which was given in the high school auditorium.

Our commissioner, Mrs. H. C. Coffman, first gave a brief explanation of the work to be exhibited. Then the curtains were drawn disclosing all the Scouts and officers on the stage. One of the captains directed the troops through the regular order of opening exercises used in all our meetings. The scouts were dismissed, officer and girls holding the salute until the curtain fell.

In the second part of the program, Troop 1 gave a demonstration of the Scout laws with ten clever and entertaining little acts, planned and written by the girls of the Troop. Each little scene was an attempt to teach the application of Scout principles to a girl's everyday life. In illustrating the fifth law, two girls, one a Scout, were in the library with their grandmother. The latter, finding it difficult to read with her failing sight, asked the girl, not a Scout, to read for her. The girl rudely refused, but the Scout cheerfully offered and then read the passage. The old lady praised her and then the other girl realized her discourteous conduct, remarking that she had not realized before the change that might result from observing the Scout laws.

A similar number was a scene where a tired mother was sweeping. One daughter gayly departed for a party but the other, a Scout, stayed at home to help her mother with the housework.

"A Girl Scout obeys orders," was impressively illustrated when, an accident having occurred, the

Girl Scout, brought a doctor and assisted him in attending to the victim while the other girl became terrified and hysterical.

All these acts were equally good and many adults in the audience remarked afterward that the effectiveness of Scout work had been deeply impressed upon them.

The last time the curtain rose slowly upon the Scouts gathered round a very realistic and clever camp fire, with many small fir trees in the background. This scene represented the last night at Girl Scout camp. Stunts were suggested and a little program of dances, stories, songs, and an amusing one-act comedy, was given.

Spot lights were successfully used, the most effective being the last. As the color bearer carried the flag across the stage in the closing scene, she was followed by a white spot light, shaped like a star. With the singing of America the program ended.

E. A., Captain Troop 1.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

On the 24th of March, the Girl Scouts of Troop No. 102, of the S. S. Community Center, presented a Girl Scout Hippodrome. The program was as follows, the barker announcing the acts:

The menagerie consisted of:

Wonderful bird of Paradise (rooster), Siamese twins, polar bears (Teddy bears), giant baby and nurse, dwarf, monkey (Scout in make up), and the Goops. There were also a policeman, judge, organ grinder and monkey.

The program proceeded as follows:

The big parade of all characters. The blind chariot race was next on the program. The impromptu artists won great approval. The Goops' gamble was next. The human organ followed on the program. Acrobats came out next. Doctor Bunco won many laughs from the audience. The chariot race was next on the program. Siamese twins raced with each other. Next on the program were the dwarfs. Inverted chorus came next. Real wonder man was last on the program.

There were lemonade and popcorn sold, and fortunes were told. Everybody said they enjoyed the program very much. The proceeds were over \$40, which is to go toward paying for camp for the troop.

L. R., Scribe.

At Camp

One night when all was still
Save the scolding Whip-poor-will,
And mosquitoes by the ton
Singing, "Now thy day is done,"

In a camp at Longwood Lake,
Not a person was awake;
All was still, still, still
O'er the meadow, lake, and hill.

Of a sudden from the hill
Rang a cry so wild and shrill,
That a shiver straight was sent
Thru each and every tent.

Once again the cry was heard,
"Is it some new kind of bird;
Or that owl who they teach
Has a most blood-curdling
screech?"

Once again and somewhat nearer,
And again and always clearer,
"Till the camp was all awake,
All a-shiver and a-quake.

And the cry was oft' repeated
As with trembling hearts we
waited;
Then as the camp it neared,
A bobbing light appeared.

Then a dark form in the clearing,
And the Captain, nothing fearing,
Thrust her head outside and said,
"Please keep still. You'll wake the
dead.

"What's the trouble? Who are you,
sir?"

Then he said, "I'm just a hunter,
And I'd like to look around
For I've lost my best greyhound."

In the morning someone said,
That when she got back in bed,
She knew not what it meant,
But a cow looked in her tent.

Strange things oft' are said and
done,
Far and near beneath the sun;
But the strangest night I passed
Was that one, from first to last.

E. M. D.

Paterson, N. J.

SCOUT RIPPLES

(Continued from page 19)

Problem C.—A squad of scout fire fighters are called to extinguish a fire on the diving platform, represented by red fire or a smudge, or by sparklers, or by a real fire in a sand box. Buckets, brooms, mops, gunny sacks, and the usual fire-

fighting outfit of the forest and field must be ferried out.

Tubs can be used in which to carry floating objects. If the regular hand-pump water cans, used to fight forest fires, are available these can be ferried empty and filled by the use of buckets, when once arriving on the grounds. By the way, every locality not having a water distribution supply should have a few of these hand-pumps which are made to be carried by two, and besides they are serviceable in water battles and for improvised shower baths, where the bathing place is muddy. Almost any fire or forest warden will be able to give the name of some place that supplies them. Sometimes the state fire warden, recognizing the potential fire-fighting force of the campers, might supply them, and include the camp in the resources for fighting forest fires in that section.

With a little thought other emergencies can be planned, and the scouts will get a new idea of the value of swimming and life-saving knowledge acquired as scouts. Dramatizing the life-saving and swimming is as important as dramatizing the First Aid instruction. It makes a game of it, instead of work, such as the school tasks from which the scout is taking a vacation.

Edgemoor, S. C.

The Pine Cone troop has returned from a delightful stay of ten days in the mountains of North Carolina.

Instead of camping in tents, we had the use of a summer home at Montreat.

The girls proved themselves to be genuine scouts. They attracted friends, both young and old, by their cheery manners and happy songs. The scouts took turns at cooking, and the delightful meals served left nothing to be desired. Last but not least, they showed themselves to be great hikers, ten miles a day being a moderate hike.

The scouts had the experience of spending a night on Mt. Mitchell. The party was in charge of a trusty mountain guide, who said it was the quickest trip he had ever made with a party of girls. They covered a distance of thirty-five to forty miles in a day and a half.

The scouts earned the money for this trip last winter.

L. H., Captain.


The Bachelor Daddy
A Paramount Picture

Five little children left on the hands of a handsome bachelor seem like quite a task to some of us, but Thomas Meighan does not find it so in this most delightful picture.

When he starts for Mexico to find out what the trouble is in the district of his oil wells, he has no idea he will come back with five children. His fiancée does not, either, otherwise she never would have let him go. As it is, when he comes back with the children, she decides that she cannot possibly marry him. His distress is overshadowed by the love for the children, and the fact that his secretary decides to help him take care of them.

It is really too bad that some of our many Girl Scouts could not have been on the train to help out the poor, distracted bachelor—they certainly would have won their Child Nurse badges then—but on the other hand, we might not have had such an amusing picture.

Every mother, father and girl scout will get a good laugh out of this most amusing picture. Go and see if you don't agree with us!





The Fair

This plan proved so successful in Cincinnati, Ohio, that we believe other localities would like to try it.

1. The Fair will be a display (rather than a sale) of work done by the scouts.

2. Booths will be placed in the galleries of the Riding Club.

3. The Riding Club will be open at 9:30 a. m. All entries must be in place by 11 o'clock.

4. All entries must be neatly tagged with name and troop of owner.

5. A fee of ten cents will be charged for entrance to the Fair. All scouts making entries will be entitled to complimentary tickets. Those scouts making entries who care to help along the Scholarship Fund may purchase tickets if they wish.

There must be a chairman for each booth.

BOOTHS

Food.—Home made bread, cake, canned fruit and vegetables, jellies, etc.

Flowers.—Plants and flowers grown and cared for by the scouts.

Garden Truck.—Raised by scouts.

Needlework.—See Needlewoman, Dressmaker, and Milliner Badge outlines for the type of articles to be displayed.

Photography.—Pictures taken by scouts. See Photographer's Badge outline, point one, for details.

Arts and Crafts.—See Artist and Craftsman Badge outlines for type of articles to be displayed.

Scoutcraft and Stunt Devices.—Patrol banners, records, knot boards, fire boards, bill boards, bulletin boards, posters, service records and any other original devices for promoting scoutcraft. Leaders may make entries.

Book Shelf.—Where any books or references on leadership, the out-of-doors, etc., particularly helpful to leaders and scouts, may be entered, leaders may make entries.

REGULATIONS

1. Leaders will please fill out entry sheets and send them to the of-

fice by June 1st.

2. Scoutcraft and Stunt Booth and Book Shelf will be the only places open to leaders for entering.

3. Each chairman will select her own committee.

4. Judges of each booth will be invited by the chairman of the Fair, unless otherwise stated.

Islip, N. Y.

The Girl Scouts of Troop 1, of Islip have been very ambitious.

One Cake Sale was held, netting \$14.95.

At Easter time, the Troop distributed flowers to eight families, where there were sick or shut-ins. On May 1st, Patrols 3 and 4 made May baskets and filled them with flowers and distributed them in the same way, while Patrols 1 and 2 aided the Salvation Army in connection with the Home Service Appeal in Islip.

On June 12th, the Scouts aided the American Red Cross by collecting and bunching flowers, and then delivering them early the following morning for sale at the railroad stations by members of the Red Cross, for the benefit of the Nursing Fund.

J. W., Captain

San Diego, Calif.

On the 23d of May, twenty Girl Scouts went to the Civic Auditorium during the P. T. A. Convention, to take part in the Lantern Chorus, and light the supper crowd from the patio into the darkened auditorium. After the lights were turned on, six girls acted as ushers and the rest sang from the balcony till the program commenced. While Mayor Bacon was making the address of welcome, a woman in the audience fainted. We were called on at once, and after water failed to revive her, carried her outside into the air, where she recovered immediately.

We had forgotten all about it, but when Governor Stephens made his address, his first remark was: "I wonder if you San Diego people appreciate the efficiency of your Girl Scouts." From the applause, they evidently did. Then he went on to tell them of our taking the woman out so quickly and quietly during the talk that very few even knew what was going on. We, in the back, were thrilled through and through by his unexpected praise, and couldn't help but say to ourselves, "Aren't we glad the woman fainted!"

THE LOST SLIPPER

(Continued from page 16)

look up into the clothes chute. She gave a low, horrified cry. The chute made a rather sharp curve just as it reached the basement, and immediately inside the chute were the feet of a man! Seeing Shirley's evident fright, Nora suddenly lost her timidity and ventured to investigate.

"Holy Saints! It's a man!" shrieked Nora.

The laughter and the music above them ceased abruptly. A few low, muffled words were spoken, and there was a stampede toward the kitchen. Nora's screaming directed the thoroughly alarmed people, who came crowding down the stairway. There was confusion and an incoherent babble of voices.

"Better get your revolver," shouted one of the fellows to Tom.

"Come on," called Dr. Stanton, who was in the lead.

So excited was everyone over the discovery of the new "guest", that no one seemed to wonder why Shirley should be found there.

Somehow, midst the uproar and tumult, the men succeeded in extricating a forlorn and depressed creature from the curve of the clothes chute where he had been caught in his hasty downward effort to escape from Shirley. The would-be burglar, covered with bumps and bruises, had succeeded in getting away with no valuables.

"Guess you must be the guy the police have been trying to get for the past two weeks for house breaking," said Tom.

While Tom was disposing of the unfortunate man, a very red-faced, uncomfortable Shirley with one foot carefully concealed beneath her skirts, was perched upon a box explaining things to a laughing, excited crowd. In the middle of her story, Shirley caught sight of Dr. Stanton and broke off in confusion. He was airily balancing a white kid slipper on one of his hands.

"Why — what — where did you get it?" she stammered.

For answer, he made an elaborate bow and in mock gravity presented the slipper with, "To Cinderella, champion burglar catcher."

The remainder of the evening was a happy one for Shirley, and the next day promised to be equally enjoyable, for Shirley was to go motoring with Dr. Stanton.

THE END.

CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 8)

Sylvia went out by the front door; one was as much front as the other, for that matter, for the house stood in the ravine, facing nowhere.

There was a plot of soil beyond the house, overgrown with ordinary garden weeds. Around the other three sides of the house was the same tangled mass of shrubs and brambles which made difficult the approach to it.

"Once there was a garden here, O'Malley," Sylvia pointed out to her comrade. "And it seems to me that there was a path that ran down to the beach. Let's try it."

When they had crept down the steep rough slant from the ravine, and reached the shore, Sylvia exclaimed in surprise.

She found herself in a small cove, washed out, evidently, by the high tides, and completely concealed from any one on the bay, or on the beach, for that matter by a great rock at its mouth and a few scraggly trees, around which one would have to pass to get out of the cove.

"Well, of all things!" cried Sylvia aloud. "I thought I knew every inch of this beach, but I'd no sort of notion there was an inlet behind this rock! I wonder who knows about this place? I'll ask Gaby. I must show it to Ruth and Lloyd Hapgood. No, I won't! Not now, anyway. It's rather nice to have a lair all our own, isn't it, O'Malley?"

O'Malley enthusiastically assented. He caught the excited happiness in Sylvia's voice and echoed it in his sympathetic bosom—also in a few sympathetic barks, which Sylvia promptly silenced by a hand clasp on his pointed nose.

"Charles O'Malley, dear, we must speak softly here. This is to be a secret."

But Sylvia had a brilliant idea that spared poor O'Malley's unfortunate coat and further damage to her own lacerated garments and flesh. With an indifference to getting wet that equaled the dog's, Sylvia walked down the cove, into which the incoming tide had crept to the depth of several inches, swung out around the great boulder that hid the entrance, came forth upon the beach and went home along its fine sand. That she was a spectacle to arouse wonder did not trouble her.

Thus she arrived at home, O'Malley beside her, and thus she came upon her father.

Mr. Bell looked at his daughter in the unseeing way in which his eyes

usually rested upon her. Then something in her appearance that was out of the ordinary apparently filtered through the abstractions of his brain, and he looked at her again, quite sharply.

"My dear," he said in a startled tone, "what has befallen you? Are you hurt? Has any one attacked you? You are actually bleeding!"

Sylvia flushed crimson, the red mark on her cheek hardly showed, merged as it was in the intensity of her blush. Tears of delight sprang to her eyes; she trembled. Her father noticed that she had been hurt! He was anxious about her!

"It isn't anything, father—thank you ever so much!" she cried fervently. "I went through a place overgrown with brambles, and I got badly scratched up. No one attacked me. I suppose it does look pretty awful. I'm glad—you're kind to—I'll be all right after I've cold creamed for a day or two."

"I think you are growing very fast, Sylvia," Mr. Bell said, however, groping for a clue to the feeling that Sylvia awoke in him today, a feeling that he had not noticed before in himself toward her.

"Yes father," said Sylvia meekly. "I'm dreadfully tall, I know. But I am fifteen. I don't think I shall grow much more; I hope not. I am five feet six."

"Is it possible?" said Mr. Bell politely. "I am tall, nearly six feet. The Bells are tall as a family. Are you fifteen, my dear? Time flies. Are you going into the house? Then good-bye till tea time, my dear. I am on my way to resume my work."

He bowed to Sylvia with a pleasant smile, and with the ceremonious politeness that characterized him.

Sylvia went on her way slowly, with hanging head; a few tears which she could not keep back ran down to moisten her feverish cheek; it smarted now, and so did her arms and hands. She suffered from the reaction of her delight in her father's interest in her.

"But I am not sensible; he did care when he thought something was wrong, but there isn't anything wrong and he knows it. I can't expect such a great father to be interested in a snip of a girl every minute," she thought, scolding herself back into her usual happy philosophy. But there was a heaviness in her heart, a wistfulness that her own lecturing of herself could not quite remove.

(Continued on page 28)

Progress of the Certificate Appeal to the Lone Troops

THE GIRL SCOUTS, INC. Certificate No. _____ September 1, 1932 189 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY	
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT _____	
has contributed _____ dollars to National Headquarters as a gift to assist in the formation of other troops of scouts.	

The following are the Lone Troops that have made donations during the past month and have received certificates:—

Troop 1—	Kuiperville, Pa.	\$10
Troop 1—	Geneva, Ohio	10
Troop 1—	Oswego, N. Y.	10
Troop 2—	Enfield, Conn.	5
Troop 3—	Enfield, Conn.	5
Troop 8—	Stamford, Conn.	22
Troop 1—	Campbell Hall, N. Y.	10

Troops which have made pledges during the past month:

Troop 1—	Salem, Ohio	\$10
Troop 1—	McIndoe Falls, Vt.	10
Troop 1—	Woodbine, N. J.	\$5
	or more	

An Interesting Letter From Woodbine, N. J.

Scout Headquarters,
New York City.
Mrs. Herbert Hoover, President.

Dear Madam:—

In reference to your call for Troop money by September 1st, my Scouts of Woodbine Clover Troop No. 1, have raised five dollars, but are at present very busy getting ready for camping. The camping trip will end August 10th, and they will do their best to raise as much more as they possibly can.

I would like to tell you, too, that they have asked a girl from the crowded section of New York City, to camp with them, paying her expenses, and making her have as lovely a time as possible. Not only to make her have a good time, but also to give her free fresh air and nourishment, and to teach her in ten short days the wonders of "Scouting".

Hoping that my Troop will be able to send a larger amount than five dollars by September 1st, I am,

Respectfully,

CAPT. SARA E. SHROPSHIRE.

NOTICE!

The American Girl wants news of Troops affiliated with schools for a big number coming this fall.

(Continued from page 27)

CHAPTER VI

Turn About.



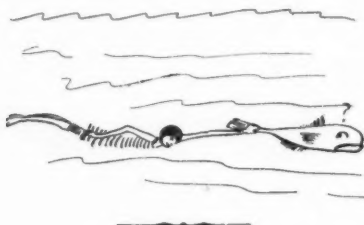
Before and After Taking

A Vacation at the Chicago Girl Scout camp, but perfectly appropriate for any camp in the country.

Miss Serpentina La Perch writes: "I can never repay you for one thing I learned at camp. The sight of water once filled me with fear. I approached it trembling like an aspen leaf, with my heart knocking on my breast. Once in a moment of daring, I ventured as far as my ankles, but the excitement was too much for me and I was ill long thereafter.



"At camp I learned to swim. Now each morning I dive into the depths of Lake Michigan, dart thru the water until I overtake the largest fish, which I seize by the tail and fling over my shoulder. I then stride home to cook breakfast."



Tenting Tonight

Mr. N. to Scout J. H.—What are you going to do on your overnight hike? Are you going to walk all night?

J. H.—Well, I haven't just decided yet, but I think I'll take a tent along, and tent all night.

Not Affectionate

Tacoma Directors have a good laugh every now and then, when examining Second Class papers, and it is no wonder that they do when Tacoma Scouts make such trite observations as, "The skunk is an animal that does not take to petting!"

Sylvia looked like a little girl and an exceedingly pretty little girl, as she lay with her dark hair spread out over the pillow, her face slightly tipped upward, her dark lashes resting on her sun-browned cheek, her lips parted in a half smile.

"I do hate to wake anything up that's sleepin' real good," thought Cassandra. She glanced around the room, deferring the moment when she should call Sylvia. It was an attractive room, but as unexpected as its young mistress was in its developments. The furniture was splendid old mahogany, which had come to Sylvia because of her name; it had belonged to her grandmother, Sylvia Ciddings. Bookshelves, built along one side of the wall, low and long, were filled with Sylvia's hard-used childish books and volumes of her subsequent choosing. The pictures on the walls carried on similar pages of autobiography; there were some "story-telling" pictures and two or three etchings and reproductions which announced that Sylvia's untrained instincts made her appreciate true beauty. Fishing poles hung across hooks on the wall opposite to the bookshelves; a window box was filled with ferns growing so riotously that they announced their devoted tending; a baseball bat, a tennis racquet, a riding stock, and a pair of dumbbells in one corner, were offset by dainty toilette accessories on the dresser.

Cassandra turned from seeing this, half taking in what it stood for, and bent her attention to what she had come to do.

"Miss Sylvia! Miss Sylvia, wake up, child! It's time, anyway, and this mornin' it's past time," she said.

"Goodness me, Casabianca—Cassie, I mean! What's the matter?" cried Sylvia, half startled.

"Susie's sick. I've sent her home to her mother to be taken care of, for I knew it couldn't be done here, with me away. And my sister-in-law's pretty bad; she's goin' to try a new doctor, the other doesn't help her a mite, and I've got to be there today. So get right up, Miss Sylvia, and show what you're made of. You've got to get three meals today, and your father needs good feedin'."

"I'll be done in ten minutes; I won't have to primp for housework," said Sylvia swinging her

feet to the floor and standing erect as she spoke.

Sylvia was as good as her word, perhaps half a minute better. She found Cassandra in the kitchen with a slate in her hand.

"I've filled the tea kettle fresh," she said instantly when Sylvia appeared in the doorway, "so you've no need to do that, and there's enough coal in to last you till night, when I'll be back. On the slate's the list of what you must order when Dickson's man comes, and I'm sure I hope the plumber won't come, since he hasn't so far, and far enough, too! A week since I sent for him! And if he should come, there's hot water washers needed here and in the bathroom. And the leak I told him to come for in particular, is under here, in that laundry pipe. Don't forget; the one that runs down to the washtubs. I ordered steak for dinner as easiest. Your father doesn't like potatoes except they're mashed so you'd better mash'em. Boil'em till they're done, then take the potato masher and mash'em. Beat'em up light and beat the seasonings into'em, plenty butter, a little cream, salt and pepper. For dessert there's strawberries on the ice. Skim that bowl of cream that's in the ice part of the refrigerator, not the other one; that's this mornin's milk. Now, don't forget that! Maybe your father'll want coffee, and maybe he won't. And for supper—"

But Sylvia uttered a cry of protest.

"Cassandra Billings, I can't hear, let alone understand, one word more! How do you think one poor head can hold all you've said about dinner? And now you are beginning on supper! For pity's sake, *don't!* You'd better trust to luck, and let me do the best I can, than to make me crazy, and then set me loose in the kitchen! Talk about cramming for examinations at school! Why, this is awful! I'll get along, Cass; don't worry. Father and I can't die of starvation in one day; that's some comfort, even if I don't get along."

"Well, that does sound kind of sensible, Miss Sylvia," said Cassandra, with relief in her voice. "Then I'll get my duds on, and go out to watch for my brother-in— Land o' Goshen! There he is now!"

Cassandra hastily put on her black shade hat and gray coat, seized her bag, and went rapidly out of the side door.

BENEFIT PENCILS



An Original Money Raising Plan for Girl Scout Troops, Schools, Churches, Societies, etc.

During the past few years over a million of our "Benefit Pencils" have been sent to organizations in all parts of the country to raise money for different purposes. At this very minute our "Benefit Pencils" are earning money for Churches, Schools, Clubs, and Fraternal Organizations of different kinds in nearly every state of the Union. The time worn tag day is on the wane; in many cities it is forbidden altogether. People in general are getting tired of spending their perfectly good money for useless tags, cards, flags, emblems, etc., and getting absolutely nothing in return. By our plan, you sell them a good pencil, something useful and of real value, and at the same time they are giving their support to a worthy cause. Our plan is to furnish a good quality metal tip rubber eraser pencil, printed special from your copy. This wording usually consists of the name of your organization together with a brief outline telling just what the money is being raised for, making each pencil tell its own story and help sell others. These are sold on the streets, in the offices, business houses, stores, schools, factories, and residences at whatever price a person wishes to give. No one will think of giving less than five cents, and in many instances the price will average from ten to fifteen cents each. Even if they all sell at five cents each your Troop will realize a big profit. Many business houses and offices purchase in dozen and gross lots and you will certainly be surprised to see how fast they sell.

Why not let us send your Troop a few gross to be sold in this way. We allow 30 or 60 days' credit, which means that you can hold the sale and do all of your collecting before you have to send us our share of the proceeds. These pencils are furnished and printed from your copy in lots of two gross and over at \$4.75 per gross, F. O. B., Camden, New York.

Remember—there is no risk on your part—pay for the pencils after the sale. No chances taken on left overs—the pencils being salable at all times of the year. Why not arrange to hold a rousing pencil day sale for your organization at this time?

Fill out the coupon below and send for your pencils today! Whatever quantity suits you suits us. They will soon be bringing in the money, and you will be more than pleased with the results.

SPECIAL OFFER!

Beautiful Six Foot U. S. Flag Free of All Cost!

To Every Organization ordering seven gross or more of the pencils at a time, and remitting for them within fifteen days from date of invoice, we will give free of all cost a LARGE SIX FOOT U. S. FLAG, made of regular flag cloth, fast colors, stripes securely sewed, heavy canvas headings and metal grommets—suitable for indoor or outdoor use.

THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY COMPANY

IMPRINT PENCILS

38-40 MAIN STREET

CAMDEN, NEW YORK

NOTICE:—We are now prepared to furnish Hexagon Pencils—instead of the round—with the name of your Troop, etc., in gold leaf, at the same price when so ordered.



Read What These Good People Say—

Dear Sirs:
Enclosed find check for pencils received. They were satisfactory in every way.

MISS E. M. GIDDINGS, Young St., Honolulu, T. H.

Thank you for your prompt and generous attention in filling our order. We are very much pleased with the results of our sale.

MISS LAURA M. KELLER, Circle, Alaska.

Gentlemen:
Please send us another gross of pencils as quickly as possible. This will be our third sale this year.

MRS. LOTTIE E. DANIELS, Wilson, Okla.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed please find check of the Guyandotte Camp Fire Girls to cover payment in full for the pencils. We are making a nice profit for the Camp on these.

MRS. BUREN H. TOLER, Mullens, W. Va.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed find payment in full for the seven gross of pencils. You may send us three more gross of pencils with same marking, "Camp Fund, Camp Fire Girls."

MRS. E. J. CARVER, Fulton, N. Y.

Fill Out the Coupon and Mail Today—We'll Do the Rest!

AMER. GIRL, September, 1922
THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY CO.
Camden, New York.

Gentlemen:
You may enter our order forgross Benefit Pencils at \$4.75 per gross and print from the following copy:

It is understood if we order at least seven gross of the pencils and pay for them within fifteen days from date of invoice, that we are to receive a Six-Foot U. S. Flag free of all cost.

PENCILS AFTER BEING PRINTED CANNOT BE RETURNED FOR CREDIT

GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Jolliest and Liveliest Magazine for Girls

It contains: Stories beautifully illustrated, Party Ideas, Practical Hints to help you both outdoors and in, reviews of the latest moving pictures with photographs of your favorite stars, Heaps of Scout News from Home and Abroad, Money Making Plans and many other things; besides giving you an opportunity to have your own contributions printed!



In order that you may become a member of the *Big American Girl Family*, we are making a

VERY SPECIAL OFFER

to new subscribers *only* of Five Months for 50c. (Regular subscription price, \$1.50 per year.) Sign the order blank below—return immediately with your remittance—and GET ACQUAINTED.

If you are a subscriber pass this on to a friend.

THE AMERICAN GIRL,
189 LEXINGTON AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY.

Sept.

Enclosed find 50c., for which send me THE AMERICAN GIRL for five months as per YOUR SPECIAL GET ACQUAINTED OFFER! Begin with the current issue.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Sylvia had a sense of desolation as Cassandra's brother-in-law started up his old white horse, and his carriage creaked away, bearing Cassandra. But she shook it off, much as she shook off the foam that often dashed over her when she sailed, and she looked about to see what to do first.

"Toast and eggs, I suppose", she said aloud.

She cut bread thin and even, for she was fastidious as to her toast. She went to the cellar and brought up four eggs.

She wisely decided to wait till she heard her father's step before she put the eggs on to boil. But she made the coffee, and not being sure what Cassandra had said about the quantity, put six tablespoonfuls into the pot, with an indefinite idea that "half a dozen spoonfuls sounded right." To this Sylvia added a pint of water, for this she knew was two cupfuls, and she did not drink coffee.

Mr. Bell came in from his laboratory just as Sylvia finished setting the table. She was nervous when she saw him coming, and the first thing that he said as he unfolded his napkin was:

"How do you happen to be doing this, my dear? And why should we not have silver on the table?"

"Susie is sick, sent away father, and Cassandra has gone for the day to her sick sister-in-law's, so there's no one but me. Isn't it dreadful that I never once saw I hadn't put on knives, nor spoons, nor forks?" sighed poor Sylvia.

"Not nearly as bad as if you had laid them and forgotten the breakfast," her father said cheerfully. "I particularly want coffee this morning; I went to work before four. My dear! My dear child! Sylvia!" Mr. Bell added, tasting his coffee, which he drank without cream or sugar. "Pray what can be the matter with this coffee? It tastes—it is rank poison!"

"Oh, father! What shall I do? Is it strong?" stammered Sylvia.

"Pour out this cupful, give me a third of a cup of coffee, and fill the cup with water," said her father. "I do not remember ever tasting anything like it. What is the breakfast, my dear?"

"Oh, eggs!" cried Sylvia. "I put them on to boil when I came in here. Maybe they are too hard! But I have really good toast."

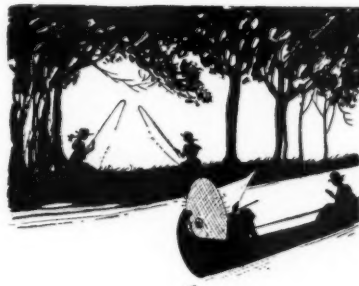
Sylvia remedied the coffee according to her father's instructions. She breathlessly watched him open the

New Books for You!

You have read the first two installments of "Captain Sylvia." We hope you enjoyed them. If you did, perhaps you want to get the book so you can read it immediately—but, on the other hand, you may think you cannot afford the expense. We know how hard it is to find the money for many of the books we want to buy so we are giving you

A Special Opportunity

to get "Captain Sylvia" or other books by Marion Ames Taggart at no actual expense to you! At the same time, you can do a good turn for Scouting by helping out your own magazine, the American Girl.



FOR THREE NEW
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
THE AMERICAN GIRL

FOR TWO NEW
SUBSCRIPTIONS AND
YOUR OWN RENEWAL

We will send you Free of Charge any one of the books listed below

"The Little Grey House"
"The Daughters of The Little Grey House"
"Hollyhock House"
"The Annes"
"Captain Sylvia"

EVERY ONE OF THESE BOOKS IS JUST AS EXCITING AS
"CAPTAIN SYLVIA!"

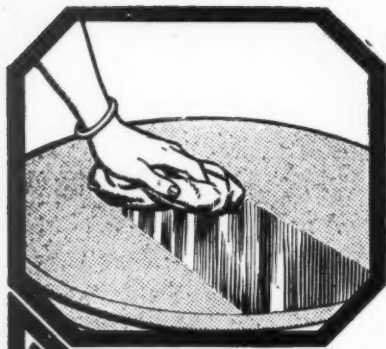
Don't delay—but tell your friends about The American Girl. They are sure to like it! And then you will see how easy it is to get three subscriptions! And when you do, send in the names and addresses of the new subscribers, plainly written, with \$1.50 for each subscription. Don't forget to mention which book you wish and we will send it to you by return mail post paid.

THE AMERICAN GIRL, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Sept.

Inclosed find \$4.50 for which please send The American Girl to the names listed below. Kindly send me _____

Name _____	Address _____
Name _____	Address _____
Name _____	Address _____
Your Name _____	Address _____



Makes a Clean Sweep of the Dust

And that's not all. Besides keeping your fine furniture and piano free from dust, a 3-in One Dustless Dust-Cloth will remove ordinary soil and fingermarks. These dust-cloths are made right at home—very economical. Pour a little

3-in-One Oil

on a piece of cheesecloth. Allow the oil to permeate the cloth before using. Make one today.

You can also make a splendid 3-in-One Polish Mop. Cut off the strands of a new twine mop a few inches from the handle. Pour on sufficient oil to permeate the strands. Let it stand awhile. This mop will improve wonderfully the looks of your hardwood and painted floors, linoleum and oilcloth. Picks up all the dust and lint. "Heals up" minor scars and scratches.



3-in-One is sold at all stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Write and we will send you a generous sample of 3-in One and Dictionary of Uses—FREE.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
Broadway,
New York

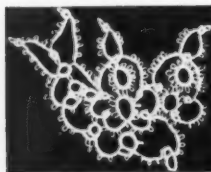
ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR

STOVINK

THE RED STOVE REMEDY
Manufacturers
JOHNSON'S LABORATORY, INC.
Worcester, Mass.

Are You LUCKY at PUZZLES

Test your luck and skill with PUZZLUCK No. 41. Interesting, fascinating. Fun for everybody. Packed in neat box with Free Booklet showing 25 different problems, each with a funny little rhyme, all for 25 cts. postpaid. Austin Puzzle Makers, Austin Station, Chicago



TATTING

New Book of Forty Original and Novel Designs, with full instructions for making.

Bluebird, Basket of Flowers, Corners, Yokes, Collars, Edgings, etc.

Insertions, Medallions, etc.

Price 50 cents—no stamps

NELLIE HALL YOUNGBURG
BROOKINGS SOUTH DAKOTA

What do you like best in The American Girl? Write and tell us so that we may give you more of it. Remember that we are always open for suggestions.

eggs and was horrified to see them done to the full picnic standard of hardness.

"Oh father! Let me boil two more! I'll stand right over them with the clock in my hand!" begged Sylvia tearfully.

Mr. Bell arose to the occasion. "Not at all my dear; not at all!" he said. "I shall not object to hard boiled eggs for a variety. The toast is excellent, better than usual. I should not expect a little girl of your age and inexperience to make no mistakes. Cassandra did very wrong to go away and leave you with such responsibility."

Sylvia's heart leaped joyously. With the greatest difficulty she refrained from hugging her father. What a darling he was to take her failures this way! Oh, what a darling he was anyway! If only she dared show him how she worshipped him for thus sparing her!

But all she ventured to say was: "Thank you, father, dearest," in a meek little voice, and Mr. Bell went on taking his breakfast and making the best of it, unconscious of the tumult of love this aroused in Sylvia's fast throbbing heart. Mr. Bell out of the house, Sylvia did not find the other duties hard to perform.

Then the procrastinating plumber had come on this late day, and Sylvia could not remember what Cassandra had said he was to do. While he put a washer on the kitchen faucet, poor Sylvia held O'Malley with one hand—O'Malley had taken a strong dislike to the plumber and wanted to vent it—while she held her head with the other and at last decided that there was something wrong with the laundry tubs.

"Now, is it, or is it not, time to begin to get dinner?" thought Sylvia when this person had departed. "I supposed I'd better cut the lettuce. Oh, what shall I do for cream? I can't go after it. O'Malley, my dear, if only I could send you and you could ask for it! With a brogue or without, it wouldn't matter, dearest!"

Sylvia came in from the garden, flushed and overheated. The lettuce looked weary and the girl decidedly felt so. She dropped the salad into cold water and dashed more cold water over her burning face.

"I wish I knew!" she sighed later, surveying aghast the heaped panful of potatoes which she had brought from the cellar to peel—the steak,

the unpeeled tomatoes, all menacingly before her.

"Yo—o—ho!" called a voice, and a whistle followed it.

"Ruth Hapgood! Lloyd! Is that you?" cried Sylvia out of the window.

Ruth and Lloyd came around from the front of the house. Sylvia ran to meet them.

"I do believe your—or my—guardian angel sent you!" she cried, by way of salutation. "Don't you know about getting dinner, Ruth? It seems as if it would be just like you."

"Why, I don't know much," said Ruth, surprised. "But of course I know easy things—mother makes me do it—like steaks and chops, and simple things."

"Simple things!" groaned Sylvia. "Not to me! I'm alone today, and I've got to get dinner—steak, mashed potatoes, lettuce, tomatoes, strawberries, coffee—maybe. If you'll stay and show me how, we'll make it a picnic, and I'll bless you forever and when I'm wealthy I'll have a statue of you put up on the dunes."

"Never mind," said Lloyd. "Ruth is too little to be a statue, and I'm too noble to allow one. Anything I can do, errand, or anything? Want anything from the store?"

"Do you mean that?"

"Sure, do I!" said Lloyd. "What's up?"

"Cream. Only it's down," said Sylvia. "I forgot to take it out of the refrigerator when the iceman came, and the bowl is pulverized, and the cream is down the pipe, and gone up the spout—if you'll allow a tired lady to use slang! If you could get a pint from the dairy, or a quart, or a gallon—I've no idea what we need—I'd never, never forget your goodness, Lloyd Haogiidm, rescuer of dames!"

"All right; I'm off. Quart, or pint, Ruth?" said Lloyd, turning to go as he spoke.

"Pint is plenty," said Ruth, with an assurance that impressed Sylvia deeply.

"Is there an apron about, Sylvia? What are you going to do with those potatoes?"

"Peel them, boil them, mash them, eat them?" suggested Sylvia.

"You've got there three times more than you want! Let's peel some. Peel thin. Unless you like them better cooked in their jackets; do you?" asked Ruth.

"Mercy me, I don't know!" cried Sylvia.

MORE PREMIUM OFFERS!

The American Girl Wants New Readers!

Help Get Them for Us and WE WILL REWARD YOU!

THE only thing you have to do is to tell your friends about THE AMERICAN GIRL and ask them to subscribe at \$1.50 a year. A few hours after school and on Saturday will give you your opportunity to get 5 or 10 subscriptions.

Start in on your Scout friends, they are sure to be interested. Then do a good turn for Scouting by interesting your other friends in the Girl Scouts, through their magazine!

When you have enough subscriptions for the prize you want—send along the names and addresses, carefully written—or, better still, printed—with a money order covering the cost of the number of subscriptions at \$1.50 each. These must not include your own personal subscription. Be sure to state which prize you have earned, and it will be forwarded to you at once.

Here is Just What You Need



A HANDY MESS KIT in Aluminum containing frying pan, saucepan, kettle, cup, fork and spoon, which fold up and fit a khaki case with a strap to wear over your shoulder.

Given for 12 Subscriptions.



HEAVY WEB HAVER-SACK, khaki colored, just the right size to hang over your shoulder.

Given for 10 Subscriptions.

Take Your Choice of These:

Girl Scout handkerchief given for 1 subscription

In-spool sewing-kit given for 1 subscription

Girl Scout web belt given for 2 subscriptions

Box of Girl Scout Stationery given for 2 subscriptions

One yearly subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL given for 3 subscriptions

Girl Scout Knife (No. 1) given for 5 subscriptions

Handy Flash Light given for 5 subscriptions

First Aid Kit, complete (metal box), given for 8 subscriptions

Girl Scout Bugle given for 12 subscriptions

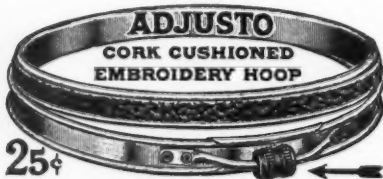
THE AMERICAN GIRL, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Dollar Books on Cooking

Delivered to you

Basic Unit Food System	\$1.00
Campfire Cookery	1.00
Food Controller and Calculator	1.00
Selection of Dishes and Chef's Reminders	1.00
Restaurant Pastry	1.00
Candy for Desserts	1.00
Home Candy Making	1.00
Vest Pocket Pastry Book	1.00
Vest Pocket Vegetable Book	1.00
The Fish and Oyster Book	1.00
Economical Soups and Entrees	1.00
Eggs in a Thousand Ways	1.00
Many Ways of Cooking Eggs	1.00
Key to Simple Cookery	1.00
Best 250 Recipes	1.00
Canning and Preserving	1.00
Ice Cream, Water Ice, etc	1.00
New Salads	1.00
Dainties	1.00
Cakes, Icing and Fillings	1.00
Hot Weather Dishes	1.00
How to use a Chafing Dish	1.00
Bread and Bread Making	1.00

H. CLYATT CAMP KNOX, KY.



25¢

Ask your dealer for this new positive-locking hoop that holds the sheerest silks and heaviest fabrics without possibility of slip, enabling you to do more beautiful work. Can't soil or injure materials, nor catch threads. Strongest hoop made. Approved by Modern Priscilla Proving Plant. If not carried by your dealer send us his name and 25c (30c west of Rockies) and we will send you one postpaid. State if 4, 5, 6 or 7 inch size is wanted. (De Luxe Adjusto hoop, heavy 14-kt gold plate, 5 in. size, for gift and prize purposes, \$2.50; at jewelers or postpaid.)

EMBRO MFG. CO.,

Canton, O.



All Girl Scouts

should have

This beautiful regulation Girl Scout bugle. Key of G with tuning slide to F. Mouthpiece attached. Retail value, \$5.00. Sold to all Girl Scouts for only \$3.50. Easy to learn to blow. You can never get lost on hikes if you have a bugle. Manufactured by Rex Metal Products Co., Inc.

Send your Money Order for \$3.50 to

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

National Headquarters

189 Lexington Avenue New York City

GIRLS!!

Here's your Chance to
EARN MONEY

Write for full particulars how other girls are acting as our agents

IN SPARE TIME

NAME-ON STATIONERY CO.

Dept. 103, 1740 E. 12th St., Cleveland, O.

PRIZE WINNING DRUMS

STONE DRUMS

are used and endorsed by Miss Hazel Whiting, champion Girl Scout drummer of Massachusetts.

We equip drum and bugle corps complete.

Write for Our New Catalog and Prices

GEORGE B. STONE & SON, INC.

47-51 Hanover St. Boston, Mass.

Every Youngster Needs

and Wants This

SCHOOL BAG, 50c



Strong and durable. Holds 4 books. These are army hand grenade bags, extra strong, with heavy canvas adjustable shoulder straps.

All new. Start your kiddies' school year with one them. **W. STOKES KIRK.**

Dept. 71, 1627 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GIRL SCOUT POST CARDS



Set
of six
for
ten
cents

Twelve
sets
for
one
dollar

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

189 Lexington Ave.

New York, N. Y.

"Then let's cook them that way: they have better flavor," said housewifely Ruth. "Put on a kettle of cold water. When they've boiled, we'll put some salt in the water and that's all there is to it."

"Turn about's fair play, Ruthie," she said. "I can sail, and I can row, and do all sorts of that kind of things, but I'd starve to death and ruin a house in a week! Don't you think it's disgraceful? I'm awfully ashamed, honestly!"

"But I have a mother, Sylvia dear," said Ruth gently. "I know how, because she taught me. If you had a mother, you'd have been with her just as I've been with mine, and you'd have learned. You're no end cleverer than I am. I haven't read much, you've read everthing, almost. And you're—don't know—great somehow."

"You speak as if you could rather like me, Ruth," said Sylvia, softly. "Could you? I haven't ever had a real friend—a chum. Do you think—" She pouted.

"That I could love you!" cried Ruth, flushing. "I never would have thought of your caring about me, I'm so little and just like every one else! But as to liking you, Sylvia Bell, I think you're glorious! I do love you now, and if you don't mind it, I'd love you more than I could say. Do you truly want me for a chiefest friend? But, oh, Sylvia, please don't answer till you've thought! And don't take me just for one summer. I couldn't stand it to begin and stop, you know."

"Not my style," said Sylvia. "I never started chumming in all my life. I hate the way some girls keep jumping on and off friendships—like a trolley car! I do like you heaps, Ruth, and I do want you for a friend. I have lots of fun, and I always thought I didn't care about anything but to be free," she said softly. "But lately I get a little bit lonely, in spite of my blessed Charles O'Malley. I must be growing up—only I won't grow up for many a moon! It's dandy to be free, but it isn't so nice not to belong to any one. Of course there's father, but he is busy. I mean belonging close and cozy."

Little Ruth said a wise thing in reply. "You've got to love someone and they've got to love you; then it doesn't matter whether you're playing, or working, or well, or sick. It's there underneath, all the time. That's the way mamma and I are."

Sylvia sighed. "That's the way I supposed it was, Ruth," she said. "Well, take me in, will you?"

Ruth raised her pretty face and kissed Sylvia, who kissed her heartily in return.

Lloyd came in at that moment.

"Great Scot! Thought you were getting dinner!" he said. "If that isn't just like girls. Leave 'em alone a minute and they go to kissing each other! It's getting boiling hot outside; hope your cream isn't sour."

"I'm going to stay here all the afternoon and help Sylvia with getting supper," announced Ruth happily. "I'm glad I can. She has made me feel so tiny and silly!"

Lloyd smiled approval on his small cousin.

"I'm going to stay too," he said. "I can fry potatoes till you'd weep for joy, and I can make coffee, make anything—a mess, if I want to. Hey, Tinker Bell?"

"Stay, do," Sylvia urged. "I'm having a scrumptious time. No wonder you two are named Hamgood!"

(To be continued)

THE HAMMON TWINS

(Continued from page 14)

kilowatt." Once started, she talked monotonously about the wonders of electricity while the girls, tired from the excitement of the fire, nodded drowsily and fought to keep awake. Evidently someone dropped off to sleep while Miss Hildebrande was explaining that no one knows exactly what electricity is, for the teacher stopped suddenly. "Will the girl at the end of the third row explain what electricity is," she shouted.

The girl next to her must have nudged her, for Gladys saw her sit up suddenly, in time to hear the end of the question. "Electricity is — is —" she faltered. Then she smiled naively. "I don't remember," she confided. "I did know, but I've forgotten."

Miss Hildebrande looked at her for a moment then shook her head in mock pity. "What a loss to science," she mourned. "The only person who ever knew what electricity is, fell asleep in class and now she had forgotten." Then she went on to repeat what she said, and continued her monologue until the bell freed the class.

Once outside, they learned the result of the indignation meeting. The sophomores had decided that the freshmen should be compelled for a whole day to wear their hair in 24 pigtails, each tied with a green string or ribbon. On their feet they were to wear one black and one white stocking, and furthermore, they were to carry an umbrella or parasol in going from one building to another on the campus. However, the order was not to go into effect until Saturday because of the literary club meetings coming before them.

Shortly after lunch Margaret went over to find Elizabeth Sears. She discovered that the helpless freshman had done practically nothing toward getting the dress into shape, being afraid that she would make some mistake. After dispatching another freshman with a note to get Gladys to come over and help her, Margaret attacked the dress.

It was quite a job, this delicate task of converting an old-fashioned silk dress into a modern evening dress. Margaret was well along, however, when Gladys finally arrived. The twin gave one look at the freshman while Margaret was introducing her, and her face flamed. Her sister did not understand, nor could she realize why Gladys was so reluctant to help with the dress. "But I promised to see that she was ready in time," Margaret explained in a whisper.

Miss Sears was at the other end of the room, so Gladys whispered her reply. "But she's the fresh freshman. She's the one I've made up my mind to get even with. You bet I'll not waste my time working for her. Let her make her own dresses."

"Then I'll have to work late and miss supper. She is no help and I can't do it by myself in the time that's left. Forget about your feelings toward her until afterward and think only about helping me to fix things up." And reluctantly Gladys consented.

For a time each vicious thrust of her needle might have been directed at the freshman, but her wrath soon wore off and she became almost agreeable toward the new girl. Then, somehow, conversation was turned onto the subject of coming to college. Elizabeth Sears described her introduction to Natick.

(Continued on page 37)

SELL CANDY FOR US

Liberal profits. 30 days in which to send us our share of the proceeds. Express prepaid to any point in U. S. east of Syracuse, N. Y. and north of Philadelphia, Penna. Liberal express allowances elsewhere. Candy absolutely fresh. Shipments same day order is received.

\$24.00 Easily Earned

Upon order of your captain we will send an assortment of 60 boxes of bars (24 bars to a box) to be sold for us—all 5c bars of standard well-known makes including SCHRAFFT, HERSHEY, WANETA, etc. Sell them in 30 days. Send us \$48. Keep \$24 profit. This profit is clear unless you are outside our prepaid zone. Give reference.

We also send smaller lots, 30, 40 or 50 boxes on similar terms at proportionate prices.

You can order from this advertisement or send for circular.

FRED D. LESURE COMPANY

Wholesale Confectioner

FITCHBURG, 16 BROAD ST., MASS.

BASKETRY MATERIALS. Reeds, raffa, wooden bases, chair cane, Indian ash, splints, cane, webbing, wooden beads, braided straw, rush, willow, pine needles, books, tools, dyes. Catalogue and Directions, 15 cents. LOUIS STOUTENTIN DRAKE, Inc., 26 Everett St., Allston, Station 34, Boston, Mass.

GENUINE INDIAN MADE BASKETS AND WAMPUM

95 Styles

Priced wholesale. Catalogue free.

FRANK MARION GILHAM
Kelseyville, California

10 Buys
100
Millions
billions
in use
today

Engel
"Art Corners"

Use them to mount all Kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, green, gold, and red gummed paper. Stick them on corners of pictures, then wet and rub. **QUICK, EASY, ARTISTIC.** No more, no less. All photo supply, drug and stationery stores. 10c boxes full color and monochrome from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. TB-471118, Clark St., Chicago

A GIRL SCOUT SEES AND HEARS

Lend Us Your Eyes and Ears
and We Will Improve Them

THE GUIDE TO NATURE

Subscription \$1.50 per year
Sample Copy 15 Cents

EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
Arcadia

SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

Don't forget to send us your best Scout Jokes. We depend on YOU to help us fill our new department.



Stamp collecting is a fascinating hobby. Try it.

Tailor-Made Packets For Girls

Unused Stamps, Every one a Perfection Copy
AND MOST OF THEM ARE PICTURES, BICOLORS, OR ANIMALS (You may have used stamps if you wish, or both used and unused.) Postage paid on dollar orders. \$1 Catalog for 25c; \$2 for 50c, \$3 for 75c; \$4 for \$1. You may order any amount up to \$100 for \$25. The more you order at one time, the better the stamps. These packets contain a little of everything from Albania to Zanzibar; no two are ever alike, but every one is a bargain that would cost you twice or three times as much from a regular dealer.

ALMA VICTORIA THOMPSON

Stamps for Girls

4112 Rudlong Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

111 different stamps 11c.

Approvals on Request

WELD STAMP COMPANY

New Bedford, Mass.

OLD COINS FOR SALE

California gold. $\frac{3}{4}$ size, 27c; Half-dollar size, 53c; Large cent before 1856, 5c; Eagle cent, 5c; 3c piece, 6c; $\frac{1}{2}$ dime before 1837, 20c; U. S. 20c piece 45c; U. S. 10c bill 25c.

A large selling list of coins free with each order

NORMAN SHULTZ Colorado Springs, Colo.

All Stamps At and Different

100 diff.	from	30 diff.	countries,	10c
100 "	"	45 "	"	15c
100 "	"	60 "	"	20c
100 "	"	75 "	"	25c
100 "	"	90 "	"	30c

ED. LUFBERY YALESVILLE, CONN.

A Packet of stamps that will help your collection in packets

M.....	200 stamps.....	70 cents
K.....	500 stamps.....	1.75 cents
Hinges	1000 for 15 cents	
	2000 for 25 cents	

M. SWARTZ

2205 14th St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

MAKE A COLLECTION OF POSTAGE STAMPS

An Entertaining Hobby, Instructive, Educational.
100 Different U. S. & Foreign, 15c; 200, 35c; 500, 95c.
Fine Illustrated Album 85c, 1000 Hinges 10c Postpaid.

GREAT LAKES STAMP CO.

159 E. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

25 TURKEY	25c
13 SIAM	35c
100 Different	8c

Approvals for reference

CO-OPERATIVE STAMP CO.

710 Pelham St. St. Paul, Minn.

Stamps

BY WILBUR F. CANNON

[If you have any difficulty in classifying your stamps; if you need any assistance or want certain information about stamps, write Mr. Cannon, the editor of this department, enclosing a self-addressed stamped return envelope. Your inquiry will receive personal attention, at no cost to you. Inquiries of general interest will be published in this column.]

There is no hobby so interesting and so instructive as stamp collecting—or philately, if you wish to use the technical term—and you will always find your collection a source of pleasure to you, besides being profitable financially if you purchase with a proper understanding of the subject.

Neatness should always occupy a prominent place in your sub-conscious mind when forming a collection.

Every collector should provide himself or herself with an album in which to mount the stamps. Numerous collectors have written us, asking what kind of an album to start with; and we usually reply that the "Modern" album, published by a New York firm, and which is on sale at most dealers, is a good one for the beginner.

Do not paste your stamps in an album, but mount them with stamp "hinges". There are two important divisions of these: peelable hinges and unpeelable. Buy the peelable ones, for although they are more expensive, they will make it easy for you to remove stamps from your album without ruin to the stamp or album, should you want to get a better copy, transfer, etc. A stamp hinge is a small piece of thin paper, gummed on one side. When used it is folded at the center, and one-half is fastened to the back of the stamp and the other half to the album, thus forming a hinge.

Having thus made the first step properly for a collector, next purchase as large a variety packet as your purse will allow. A two thousand variety collection would cost you from a half to a third as much if bought by the packet as purchased separately. This is true of other size packets also.

Next month the writer will tell you your next best move after the variety packet is bought, illustrating some stamps as well as descriptions of some new issues.



Good things are waiting for you here. Read carefully.

YOUR

wants will be taken care of in a manner you'll like,—in a personal, yet business like manner. Then, too, you'll like our prices. The following packets contain both used and unused specimens, from every part of the known world.

100 entirely different stamps	10c
200 entirely different stamps	25c
500 entirely different stamps	95c
1000 entirely different stamps	2.45
2000 entirely different stamps	9.25
3000 entirely different stamps	24.65

Larger packets made to order.

HINGES

The best obtainable, peelable, transparent and die cut. Each 1000 put up into a small envelope. Per 1000.....15c

ALBUMS

Blank, holding 100 stamps	5c
Blank, holding 500 stamps	25c
Imperial holding 3500 stamps Pictures 60c	
Modern holding 14000 stamps Pictures.....	2.00
Int. Jr. holding 18000 stamps Pictures.....	3.00
Above is bound in boards, the same but bound in cloth	4.00

Prices on larger albums on request

Postage extra on albums

OUR

price list contains many low priced items. To Girl Scouts only, for the next two months, we will allow a special discount from the numerous bargains. Ask for a copy—it's free.

WILBUR F. CANNON

918 East Tenth St. Davenport, Iowa

Special Offer for 10 Cents

COLLECTION OF STAMPS

CATALOGUE VALUE OVER \$2.00

P. C. KUNKEL, RICHFORD, VT.

FREE NEW 20 EUROPE DIFFERENT

To applicants for my $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$ and 2c approvals, also the higher priced stamps at 50 per cent discount. Send reference and receive an extra premium.

CHAS. T. EGNOR, 1335 Pike St., Phila., Pa.

SCOUTS!

125 Social Size Linen Finish paper, 100 Envelopes to Match, printed with Old English, black or parsons face type, blue or black ink, and mailed for \$2.00. Samples all printing free for the asking.

SUN COMPANY, L. 490, Mohawk, N. Y.



NAME-ON Bargain
STATIONERY Box at \$1

Includes 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of high-grade bond paper, imprinted with your name and address. Neatly boxed only \$1 per box (West of Omaha 10c) Write name and address plainly. Name-On Stationery Co., Cleveland, O. Dept. 8

Fine Printed Stationery

100 ENVELOPES, 200 NOTE SHEETS—\$1.00

Printed with Your Name and Address

Fine Bond Paper; Size of sheets, 6x7; envelopes 6-1-2 x 3-5-8; printing in latest style in blue ink only. Just the thing for Ladies and Gentlemen, Professional People, Farmers and Students. Send us \$1.00 and write plainly your name and address as you want it printed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders sent postpaid.

National Stationery Co., Box 598, Winona, Minnesota

GIRL SCOUTS ATTENTION

Send us 20c and we will develop and print from a 6 Roll Film any size.

Will make one Handtinted FREE. Also Free Enlargement Coupons given. Send us a Trial Order now. Our Trade Mark is your guarantee of good work and prompt service.

AZ-U-LYK-M Photo Service
DEPT. P.
BRISTOL, VERMONT

KODAK FILMS

developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—satisfaction or money back.

CAMERON PHOTO CO.
A3418 Burch Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

PHOTO FOLDERS for Amateurs. We are the only manufacturers selling direct to amateurs exclusively. Therefore, all Mounts and Folders purchased from us are of unequalled quality and artistic perfection, at a price most pleasing to you. Send stamps, five cents, for sample and prices. (State Brown or Gray.) We know your decision will be an order.

I. P. C-Universal Corporation,
270-276 Hudson Ave. Albany, N. Y.

Kodak Prints 3 Cents

Post Cards 5c. Developing 5c a roll

"WE DO IT BETTER"

Dept. S

ALTINE PHOTO CO.
1982 KINNEY AVE. CINCINNATI, O.

DEVELOPING

10 Cents Per Roll Prints 5 Cents Each

All Work Guaranteed

HARRY NICHOLSON
Castleton, New York

KODAKERS

Sample Enlargement, dime, and negative (returned). Sample roll developed and six glacé prints, 25c silver. THE BROWN STUDIO LAKE ELMO, MINN.

KODAK FINISHING

TRIAL OFFER

Film developed and six prints 25c, or six prints from negatives 15c. Quick service.

PASCO PHOTO LABORATORIES
Desk A, Austin, Minnesota

KODAK FINISHING

One roll film developed and 6 velvet prints for 15 cents (coin). This is a "get acquainted" offer, good for first order only.

KODAK KITCHEN YALE, OKLAHOMA

When writing to Advertisers
kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE HAMMON TWINS

(Continued from page 35)

She had been put in the care of one of the old girls, she explained, and since it had been her first long railroad ride, she had been afraid to be left alone for a moment. There was something amusing and yet pathetic in her description of the fear of her mother, who had given her money to send a telegram the moment she reached her destination. Then she told how when she was about to despatch the telegram she had seen the girl with whom she had been traveling disappear through the station door.

"I was afraid she was abandoning me to the mercies of the sophomores", she concluded. "I've read in books about how the sophomores meet new girls and make them do all kinds of awful things, and so I ran after her as fast as I could. I didn't know that sophomores would help the new girls the way you are doing."

Gladys looked rather shamefacedly at her sister. "Oh, I guess we wouldn't", Margaret put in candidly, "if you hadn't promised to join the Shakespearean Literary. But that is ours, and so we have to work for that."

"Shakespeare?" gasped Elizabeth. "I'm not going to join that one. They told me it wasn't any good. It's Milton."

"But you said you would join Shakespeare", Margaret cried.

"No. You didn't mention the name. You said the best, and I understood Milton was the best, so I mixed you up with your sister who had already mentioned Milton to me, and thought you were asking me twice."

"But Gladys is in Shakespeare, too. You must have made a mistake in what you heard; so if you promised her, it was for our society."

"I didn't promise her. It was one of the girls down stairs. And she is in Milton."

"Then here we have been helping you to get ready for our rival society."

"If that is what you thought, then don't do it any more. I can finish it or get somebody."

Margaret shook her head decidedly. "No, I promised and I'll keep my promise." So both she and Gladys worked steadily. It was after five before the dress was finally pronounced completed, and the girl was immensely proud of it.

"I've been thinking," she said

Plays! Plays!

We have the newest and most attractive as well as the largest assortment of plays in the world, as well as the most popular plays for girls only.

Send a two-cent stamp for our new catalogue describing thousands of plays.

We have just published the Girl Scout play,

"The Taming of Horrors"

which originally appeared in THE AMERICAN GIRL. The price is 30c. per copy.

SAMUEL FRENCH

28-30 W. 38th St. New York City

BEST
PLAYS
DRILLS
PANTOMIMES
PHYSICAL CULTURE
RECITATIONS, Etc.

Edgar S. Werner & Co., 11 East 14th St., N.Y.

PINS AND RINGS

FOR GIRL SCOUT CLUBS

Made to order from special designs in gold, sterling and plate.

Send for catalog.

C. K. GROUSE CO.
1 Bruce St., NORTH ATTELBORO, Mass.

SPECIAL VALUE!



A G 12 Handsome Sterling Silver School or Signet ring with any 3 initials, only \$1.25 each; \$12.00 per doz.

Special terms for Club orders and to agents.

CATALOG FREE

M. P. JENKINS, 341 Washington St., Quincy, Mass.

BARGAIN IN PUZZLES

Attention! Girl Scouts, to compete with boys you should train yourself to work puzzles as every normal boy has worked puzzles at some time or other. Twin rings, baffler, imitation leather, barriers, fooler, or famous Gordian knot puzzle, 10c each or 3 for 25c. Cupid, mysterious heart, party-line or Chinese puzzle, 15c each or 2 for 25c. Good 25c puzzle free with dollar order.

PUZZLE KING Evans City, Penn.

GIRLS CAN DO MAGIC TRICKS

As Good as the Boys

Send 25c, no stamps, and get these two tricks very easy to perform.

ISAAC DUVAL

Hillburn, N. Y. P. O. Box 71

When writing to Advertisers
kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

Manufacturers since 1869 of

NECKERCHIEFS
MIDDY SQUARES
MIDDY TIES
WINDSOR TIES

for camps and schools in many colors and qualities including the best silk and mercerized cotton grades. These may be purchased from The Girl Scout Supply Dept.

(See Price List)

Contracts solicited

STANTON BROTHERS

105-107 Fifth Ave.

New York City

Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

SAMTER BROS. CO.

SCRANTON, PA.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.

7th St., at F St., N.W.

Washington, D. C.

BALLOONS FOR GIRL SCOUT DANCES

PARTIES

and PARADES

These may be printed to suit the occasion. Where several hundred balloons are required we can supply

GAS

"The kind that makes balloons go up"

and all the necessary equipment to inflate balloons. Write for quotations and particulars.

603
THIRD
AVENUE



NEW
YORK
at 39th St.

At GIMBELS

PHILADELPHIA

GIRL SCOUTS WILL FIND

—Uniforms and Equipment of all kinds, for one girl or for an entire Troop. And a prompt and helpful Service—a Girl Scout Lieutenant is in charge who will take a personal interest in your particular requirements.

GIMBEL BROTHERS

SCOUT SERVICE

PHILADELPHIA

when the Twins were getting ready to leave. "I guess maybe I'd better join your society if you want me to."

"But you've already promised the others."

"Yes, but —"

"Then keep your promise, and I hope you have a good time." With that they left and started back toward Stone House.

"Is that a punishment for me?" Gladys asked when they reached the street.

"What do you mean?" said her sister. "Do you mean the way she 'got' you, instead of you getting your revenge?"

"No. I don't consider it that way. I'm glad it turned out this way. I'm ashamed of myself. The poor girl was frightened that day and I, who thought I could understand people somewhat, thought it was freshness. But my sewing for her this afternoon ought to be a penance. And I've learned to go slow in my judgment of others."

THE END.

Gouverneur, N. Y.

The girls of Iris Troop are still with you and will be for some time to come.

Last winter our basket-ball team was very successful unless judged by the games won alone, in which we were not so lucky.

Girls of this troop would greatly appreciate to hear from other scouts, so if anyone wishes to correspond with us, send your name to the secretary, Dorris Randall, Gouverneur, N. Y.

PASS YOUR SEWING TEST

By Making Your Own Uniforms at Home and Save Money

With our "Ready to Sew" garments any Girl Scout can make her own uniform in a "jiffy" and have one that fits better, looks better and is better. Material all cut out. Illustrated charts and complete instruction with each garment.

PRICES OF READY TO SEW UNIFORMS

Size	10	12	14	16	18	38	40	42
Long Coat	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$3.25	\$3.25	\$3.25
Short Coat and Skirt..	3.75	3.75	3.75	3.75	3.75	4.25	4.25	4.25
Skirts, Extra	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	2.00	2.00	2.00
Bloomers	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50

With each ready to sew garment the necessary buttons and G. S. lapels are given FREE

Manufactured by M. M. Anderson, Jamaica, N. Y.

On Sale at **GIRL SCOUTS, INC., 189 Lexington Avenue, NEW YORK**

GIRL SCOUT UNIFORMS



LONG COAT
READY MADE
Size 10 to 18..... \$3.50
Size 38 to 42..... 4.00

READY TO SEW
Size 10 to 18..... 2.75
Size 38 to 42..... 3.25

KHAKI HAT, \$1.50

Approx. head measurement	Size
20 1/4 in.	6 1/4
21 1/4 "	6 1/2
21 1/2 "	7
22 "	7 1/4
22 1/4 "	7 1/2
22 1/2 "	7 3/4
23 "	7 1/2
23 1/4 "	7 3/4
23 1/2 "	7 1/2
23 3/4 "	7 3/4
24 1/4 "	7 1/2
24 1/2 "	8

SPECIAL NOTICE
Hats are not returnable. Be sure to give the correct size when ordering.



RAINCOAT
Girl Sizes 6 to 16 \$6.00
Juniors 15 to 19 8.00



RAIN CAPE
Girl Sizes 6 to 16 \$7.00
Junior Sizes 15 to 19 10.50

Poncho (45x72) \$3.25
(60x82) 4.50



SHORT COAT AND SKIRT SUIT
READY MADE
Size 10 to 18..... \$4.50
Size 38 to 42..... 5.00

READY TO SEW
Size 10 to 18..... 3.75
Size 38 to 42..... 4.25

OFFICIAL PRICE LIST OF FLAGS

NOTICE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

American Flags

Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50
3x5 ft., 8 1/2 inches		4.50

Troop Pennants

Lettered with any Troop No..... \$1.50

Staffs

1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral G. S. Emblem	\$6.50
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle	4.90
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear	3.40
G. S. Emblem, Separate	3.60
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50
Spear Emblem—separate	1.50
Flag Carrier	2.50

Troop Flags

Size	Material	Price Each	Price for Lettering
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.50	10c per letter
2 1/2 x 4 ft.	Wool	4.00	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Wool	5.50	20c " "
4x6 ft.	Wool	8.00	20c " "
Flag Set			\$1.25

Includes:

1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed 6-ft Staff	
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy web carrying case	
Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not jointed.....	.60
Semaphore Flags (extra), per pair.....	.75

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT (Girl Scouts), 189 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

THE AMERICAN GIRL

GIRL SCOUT SWEATERS

ALL WOOL, CLOSELY KNITTED — COLOR, OLIVE DRAB

SWEATER COAT

Price
Sizes 34 to 40.....\$7.50



SLIP-ON MODEL

Price
Sizes 34 to 40.....\$6.50



Please Order by Size

OFFICIAL OUTDOOR UNIFORMS

Middy, sizes 10 to 42..... \$1.75
Skirt (R. M.), sizes 10 to 18..... 2.00
" 18 to 42..... 2.00

Bloomers, sizes 10 to 42..... \$2.25
(Made of Official Girl Scout Khaki)

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE,

(GIRL SCOUTS)

NEW YORK CITY.

